

Then a bombshell.

"I am sending your Bhabhi, Jyotika, Dinesh and Kamlesh there. Can you arrange to get a house". I used to call Ba, Bhabhi and Bhai, Motabhai. It would be another couple of years before I would call them Ba and Bhai.

Ba later told me that she was very unhappy about this. She cried. She implored Bhai not to send her away to some unknown foreign place where she could not even speak the language. But Bhai had decided and come to UK, they must.

There was a discussion in Duffey household. To rent a house would be difficult. For a council house, one would have to be on waiting list and living in the area for 2-3 years. Well, Bhai had said get a house, so I presumed, he meant, buy one.

Mrs D and I looked at couple of houses in centre of Keighley. 2 to 3 bed terraced properties were going for around £1400 to £1800. Standard 3 bed semi's were around £1500-£2000.

Bhai had mentioned in the letter that he would be sending me around £100 to cover the cost of settlement. I still had £21 although I had loaned £4 to Mr D as he was running short.

We learnt that

- To obtain a Mortgage, the applicant had to be present at the building society and show proof of earnings
- Purchaser had to complete certain formalities in the front of a solicitor.
- I was just over 19 years in age and was not considered an adult. The legal age was 21.

So I could not get a mortgage and I could not own a house or sign on behalf of my father.

A week later, I received a cheque from Bhai for £100. I did not know what to do with that so I asked Mr D. They did not have bank accounts but he knew that I needed to open a bank account. My boss, Charlie spent next 10 minutes telling me how I should handle my account, how I would not issue dud cheques and not bring his name in disrepute. Eventually he agreed and gave me a character reference and I had my first bank account

Mrs D and I saw a house in Whins Wood. The house was on Halifax road, about 3 miles from Keighley on one side and 3 miles from Haworth on other side.

We saw the house and liked it. The owner was an elderly (elderly to the eyes of 19 year old), Polish guy. He was very frank with us. He said that as the house did not have a bathroom, building society would not loan the money. He would be willing to let us have it on rental purchase. "Explain", I said. "Instead of £700 I will charge you £750. You pay me back at £7 per month."

I thought that was very fair. Mrs D Nodded and we shook hand on it.

The House: It was a 2-up 2-down house. There was a small 5 ft garden in the front. One entered straight into the front room, 13 x 13. Door on the left took you to back room which was slightly smaller. From that room, flight of stairs took you to front bedroom. From front bedroom



a door would lead to back bedroom. From the back

bedroom, flight of stairs took you to the attic. I thought one could get one bed there - probably mine.

In the front room, from the door on the right, stairs took you to lower ground floor which was the kitchen. The kitchen was the size of front and back room. There was door at far end to store coal for the fire. The coal would be delivered through a manhole in the front garden.

There was an iron stove near the fireplace (Sagadi) for cooking and a metal bath on the floor for our baths.

(Picture of the house is from Google-streets - circa 2012)

A door from the kitchen would take us down to the cellar. The back door, in the cellar, led to the back garden with beautiful view of the oakworth valley. The old train tracks to Haworth were at the bottom of the valley.

Now the minus side: The toilet was just outside there, on the left, in the back garden. (*did we have light in there?*) It was a tippler toilet. There was pan at the bottom of the hole to collect the waste. When full, it would tipple the contents in the cesspit. Having said that, it was not a proper cesspit. Just a hole. (In a year or so, that would fill up: Jyotika and I would have the task of making this good again)

Anyway, the deal was done and papers were sent to Aden to be signed. The process was very quick and within 3 weeks I had the possession and I paid first month's installment of £7

Next problem was getting some furniture.

"We should go to the auctions" Mrs D said. So we went. An item will come up. I would look at Mrs D. She would either nod or shake her head. Once or twice I did go against her wishes.

So what did we buy?

4 metal beds with mattresses, 3 piece sofa set, dining table and four chairs, 3 x chest of drawers, 2 x dressing tables with beautiful mirrors and a fabulous solid mahogany, six foot long side board with 6ft x 3ft mirror on top.

Mrs D shook her head to an upright piano and 9" TV set with magnifier glass in front. I bought those two, any way.

The total came to £35. Unfortunately I had not thought of delivery. That came to £7.

So house was livable and I moved in.

In the kitchen, I had a 2nd hand cooker installed. The stove in the kitchen was about a foot high and placed about a foot away from the fireplace. One forgot it was there and I kept on walking in to it. So I removed the stove. Got a water heater (Geezer, as we called it) installed over the kitchen sink. There was only 1 power point which was in the sitting room. Presumably to power a TV set. A power point was installed in the kitchen and a 3kW heater bought to heat the kitchen. Coal was ordered for the fire in the sitting room. A quick lesson from Mrs D on how to light the fire.

The sitting room needed decorating. I learnt from Mrs. D the art wallpapering.

Two notable things happened around this time.

I got my exam results. I failed English in GCE O Level again.

But I did very well in my first year in ONC. I thought I may have had a problem because of my weak English. I managed to get 95% in Electrical Technology and I was given ubiquitous prize of a book. I selected a road map atlas: I should really have gone for something that would not go obsolete.

The Keighley Boys Grammar School was next to my college. One weekend, there was huge fire which practically gutted most of the school.

Finally, the instructions arrived. Ba, Jyotika, Dinesh and Kamlesh would sail from Aden and disembark at Tilbury, London (wherever that was), on Sunday, 12th August 1966.

There will be a lot of luggage so could I arrange with an agent, like Thomas Cook, to collect the luggage.

Within Keighley bus station, there was a shop of Thomas Cook. It turned out to be extremely easy to arrange for them to pick up the luggage from the docks and deliver to our house.

When the time arrived, I travelled to Tilbury by train. I have no recollection of that journey. I vaguely remember receiving Ba and others at the dock.

Journey back to Keighley was not straightforward. There were no direct trains to Keighley. So we took a train to Bradford. At Bradford station we all had to walk to the Bus station.

As we got on the bus, Kamlesh was sick.

Here we would take a bus to keighley and then another bus which would drop us outside our house.

I just cannot recall reaction of Ba and siblings as they entered the house. Probably there was none as they were still suffering from the shock of the whole experience.

Luggage arrived very soon. Ba and Jyotika started getting things sorted out.

Among the goodies, transported across the oceans, were a radiogram, 5 or six vinyl records, black & white monkey rug, a persian carpet, 5 or 6 assemblable Japanese shelving units and a double lens reflex camera with flash gun which I had asked for.

Suddenly I was the head of the family and I was ill prepared for it.

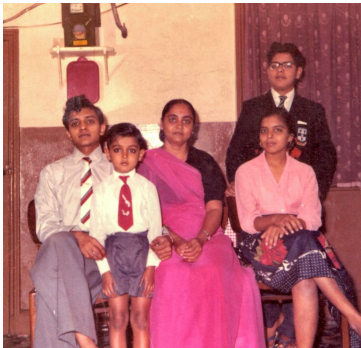
Once the mundane business of groceries were sorted, first thing on agenda was school admission for Dinesh. I only knew of one school which was next to my college. The school had been badly damaged by fire, early that year and was about to be relocated. I did not know that the school was the top grammar school in Keighley. An interview was arranged and Dinesh passed with flying colours. So Dinesh started at the newly constructed, Oakbank Grammar School.



Our neighbour at 334 were refugees from Hungary. Pictured is Teresa Erderly with her husband, son, Joseph and daughter, Susan. Kamlesh and Joseph use to play in the front of the house. Joseph would talk Hungarian and Kamlesh Gujarati. They managed to communicate with each other, quite well.

Kamlesh was first enrolled in to [St Joseph's Catholic Primary School](#) in Ingrow because that was the school our neighbour Joseph was going to. By the fourth time Ba asked "What did you learn at school today?" and I answered "About Jesus", it was decided I should be moved. I am not sure, but I think it was less than a year Kamlesh was enrolled at a nearby, [Lees Primary School](#), Cross Roads. The school which was about mile up the road.

So, uniforms and winter woolies had to be bought. Pictures below taken in Kitchen 1-Me, Kamlesh, Ba, Jyotika, Dinesh. 2 - John, Christopher and Bridie Duffey, Ba and Kamlesh. 3 - Dinesh. 4 - Ba, relaxing in the sitting room.



At college, I asked my English teacher whether he would tutor Jyotika. He agreed and came to the house. After 2 visits, he stopped coming. I did not understand why he would stop coming, never realizing that I should have offered him some monetary remuneration.



Jyotika applied for a job as student nurse, and started at Victoria Hospital.

(Kamlesh in the kitchen and Jyotika next to our mahogany sideboard which to this day I regret giving away, free, to the next door neighbour at no 338.)

Few weeks later, we found out that there was an Indian shop in Bradford. So we caught a bus and off we went to Bradford. It was a dingy little place, run by a Amrit Patel. The vegetables were at least a week old as they were transported from London, once a week. But we managed to get essentials like flour and rice.

I had started taking driving lessons. After few lessons, I took my driving test and failed. My instructor said I needed more practice.

I thought that if I bought a car I would not have to pay £1 for a driving lesson. Naive as I was, I thought why not buy the car I am learning in. That way it would be easier to pass my driving test. It happened quite fast. The instructor mentioned this to school owner. It took him 10 minutes to arrange the finance and he said there you are. It's yours. No driving license, no insurance. In early 1963, I was the proud owner of a year old Triumph Herald. Cost £300. To this day, I cannot recall details of how I paid for the car.

Bhai wrote to say, [Swami Krishnanad Saraswati](#) was coming to UK. Could I bring him over to



Keighley. So I took a train to London. I do not remember where he was staying but I got there, picked him up and took a train to Keighley. The train got to Shipley. We were supposed to change but we missed our connection. There a considerable wait for the next train. It was evening, station was dark and it got very very cold. Swamiji did not have warm clothing and I had not taken any. He was not happy. I guess he was used to being chauffeured about.

Eventually, we got to the keighley station, a walk to the bus station and we got home very late. There was no networking for Swamiji as we did not know anybody. All I could offer was a drive to Bradford town centre and back. That was my first solo drive in my car. From what I recall, Swamiji did not stay for very long. I took him back to London after couple of days.

It snowed on 26 December 1962, Boxing day. That year it was one of its worst winters in living memory with temperatures plummeted so low even the SEA froze. January was the coldest month of the 20th century, and the coldest since January 1814, with an average temperature of -2.1°C . Much of England and Wales was snow-covered throughout the month. It would be March 1963 before snow would begin to melt.

The house was cold. Only place that got reasonably warm was the sitting room. In the kitchen, sometimes it was easier to stand at the table and eat as it would be too cold to sit down.

Bedrooms had no heating. My room up on the 3rd floor was so cold that it was painful to get changed!!

Having a bath was an arduous task. We had a tin bath in the kitchen. Water had to be boiled on the cooker and poured into the bath. It was not surprising that people around here did not take a bath, every day.

Washing clothes by hand was impossible. So Ba and I went to an electrical store and bought a twin tub washing machine.

Tradition was to rent. Cost of appliances was high. A TV would be about 5 weeks wages. So we rented a TV set. There were only 2 channels. BBC and ITV. 2 huge aerials were required on the roof. I learnt that I could make an aerial if I cut 2 lengths of wire to correct proportion of the wavelength and pin it to the wall. So, an L shaped aerial was pinned to the wall, by the TV set and we ITV. BBC aerial was not practical as the shape would have to be much bigger. So, we only had ITV until unified broadcasting started in 1969.

My routine at work improved as now Ba prepared a tiffin for me to take to work. So it was rotli and Shak which I could put in the oven. I was still earning just over £ 5 per week. I would give Ba the wage packet and ask her to give me £2. £1 for petrol and £1 for my cigarettes. (£1 bought me 4 gallons or 18 litres of petrol).

It got really lonely for Ba. She had problem conversing with neighbours and difficulty shopping. When I found out that there were english classes in evenings, I enrolled Ba and Jyotika.



Mr. Rashid taught Ba and Jyotika Evening classes. He was a primary school teacher in



Bradford. As usual, He got invited for an evening meal. He came with his German wife, she got draped in sari and ubiquitous picture taken.

He said he had opened a photography studio in Lumb lane, Bradford, which he ran in evenings and weekends. Perhaps, I could go and help. So I used to go there. It turned out that my job to touch up old, faded, damaged photos, drawing in missing

bits. Take a picture and make a copy. (No Photoshop then!) Suffice it to say I never got paid but I was allowed to make my own prints.



Bhai Had retired from the British Treasury and had taken another post with the Federal Government (?). He was using his gratuity lump sum to finance our resettlement. In mid 1963, Bhai went to India to bring Jayshree back to Aden.

Madhuben's marriage was failing and she had been sent back to her parent's house. Bhai made a lot of effort at reconciliation, without success. Bhai returned to Aden with Jayshree. Jayshree accompanied Bharat Balmukund Upadhyaya and landed in Uk on 13 August 1963. Jayshree would have been 12 in September so she was admitted to a secondary school. I do not recall which

school but I guess it would have been one of the schools in Ingrow. Coming back from school, the bus stopped, in front of the house, across the road. I recall at least 2 occasions when I was at home and there was a knock at the door. The driver would say “please teach your daughter to cross the road”.

I am not absolutely sure but it was Jayshree who brought a portable, Grundig tape recorder. There was 5 inch tape with recording of a session with Gujarati singer Pinakin Shah, recorded at Shah kaka’s house. The tape was a 4 track recording. At some stage I got that transferred to 2 track so we could listen to the tape.

Here in Keighley, our only visitors were Ahmed and Faisal, the pathan. Faisal worked in mills



and moved to Bradford for better pay. He would still visit us because there was no 57 bus from Bradford, stopped just outside the house.

I do not think Ahmed did much. He still managed to drive his Austin Cambridge. We would go into a Working Men’s club. He would have a beer, I would have a coke. He worked the fruit machines. I had never seen these things but soon realized that one put in lot more than what came out.

We received a cheque for £200 from Bhai as house expenses. As we seemed to be managing OK, I opened a deposit account in TSB and put the cheque there. I have a feeling that Ahmed was with me when I opened the account.

A week later, he came looking very sad. He said he needed money to put a deposit on a house as his girlfriend was pregnant. Could I loan him £100. Ba felt sorry for him. He was an excellent story teller. I said I can not touch the money in the saving account as it belonged to my father but I would see if I can get him a loan. The bank would not loan him but agreed to loan me £100. Ahmed would pay me back at £5 per week. Not taking money out of the saving account was the best decision I had taken that year. Ahmed started paying me back at £5 per week. After about 4 weeks, the payment stopped. He stopped coming to the house. I would go and see him and if I was lucky, I would get 1 or 2 pounds from him.

Later, I was to learn that Ahmed had actually lost that money on single night’s gambling with cards and fruit machines. Since that day, I have not gambled or fed any coins in these addictive fruit machines.



For that year, the only other visitor to our house was Jyotika's friend, Dami. She worked with Jyotika and would spend all her free time with us. It was good for Ba as she had no other external company.

It was cold in the attic. Jyotika found that she would not be able to get me out of bed. Once I was in the bed, all warm, I had great problem, abandoning my bed. Jyotika would stand at the foot of the stairs and say, "Maheshbhai, I have missed my bus. I am getting late. Can I get a lift?". I would say yes, and then go back to sleep. She would eventually have to catch the next bus. I really regret not helping her out. At weekends, Ba would try and wake me up for Lunch, Sometimes for the evening meal. I was up 3 flight of stairs. Dami would always volunteer to come up and pull my blanket off to get me out of bed. Now, wonder whether Dami wanted me to be more than just Jyotika's brother.

In July 1963, I was awarded Ordinary National Certificate in Electrical Engineering (ONC) but I failed English. I also, did not score distinction in Electrical science. I needed distinction in Electrical and science and a pass in GCE O'level English to get admission to Leeds University. So I decided to repeat the final year of ONC.

We had decided not to draw any money out of the savings account but run the house on Jyotika's and my income.



Faisal came round one weekend and said that they were recruiting at a carpet mill in Bradford, paying around £10-12, with bonuses. If I got a job there, I could double my income. I went to the mill. They required someone to work 14:00 to 22:00 shift. Perfect as I would not have to get up early. The mill

produced carpets for Axminster brand. The pattern was produced by large punched cards which were fitted above the machine. The wool was already threaded as the machines ran 24 hours a day, Monday to Saturday. Sunday was day of rest and factories, shops and offices had to be closed unless they had a special license.

On my first day I realized that I would never get over the minimum tufts per shift to get a bonus. The machines were old. The punched cards jammed or wool got broken and had be

rethreaded or the shuttle cock jammed. All the new and better machines were run by the experienced weavers and all new employees were given the old machines. Still, I was earning £9-10 per week which was much better. John was working same shift as me. He thought



seemed to be impressed by the car. We talked and he asked whether I had ever been pot-holing. I did not know what it meant. We agreed to go next Sunday. On that morning, John with his girlfriend, Elizabeth and her sister, Pauline came to our house. I armed myself with camera and the bulky flashgun and we left for Ingleton. I do not recall where exactly the cave was. It might have been one of the caves in Ingleborough. In picture you can just see the mouth of the cave. Once I was in, I realized that crawling on your hands and knees with camera and big flashgun was not the right thing to do. Anyway the flash did not work as it was too damp. Still it was worth the trip to reach the underground waterfalls. John kept on coming up with different ideas every Sunday and

I discovered ice skating & tenpin bowling in Leeds, canoeing in Harrogate and fell walking on the moors.

Later I discovered from John's mother that John and his friends had been involved in a fatal accident whilst joy riding. They had spent sometime in young offenders institute and were banned from driving for another 2 years.

In Aden, Lalitbhai and Veenaben Sheth were family friends. Veenaben's niece, Pragnaben, had come to live in Huddersfield. So one day, we left for Huddersfield to meet them. In Huddersfield town centre I stopped to ask directions. When out of the view of the car, I lit up asked directions and returned to the car. Jyotika later told me that I still had the cigarette in my hand when I returned. Ba did not say word.

Anyway, we met up. Pragnaben's husband lived with elder brother Nanjibhai and younger brother, Bhimjibhai. The 2 brothers worked on the buses and Shavajibhai worked in a textile mill.

In autumn of 1963, I got a letter from the labour exchange. A local electrical contractor was looking for an 'improver'. So I went and got a job with a local electrical shop. His name was

Harold Keighley. There was a little bit of disappointment for the boss as he expected a guy who had just completed ONC in Electrical engineering to have had some experience. I had none. In fact I knew nothing about methods or regulations prevalent in the electrical field. Harold did not go out on jobs. He ran his business from the shop. I was to work with Barry, his electrician.

I recall that on the first week, we went a farm up on Haworth moors. The TV aerial had moved with weight of the snow. It was a single story barn. I volunteered to go up on the roof. Slipped on a loose slate tile and fell. Lucky there was snow on the ground to cushion my fall.

On 2nd week, we were to replace wiring in the loft. Barry came up and showed me what I had to do. Now this was the first time I had been in a loft. At our house, attic had solid floor. I was not aware that I had keep my on the joists. I stood up and stood in the gap, between the joists. Before I knew it, I went through the ceiling, landing on the bed. I was nearly in tears but Harold asked me not to worry as he was insured.

I developed a cold so went to see our GP. He listened my chest, Drew lot of crosses and circles on my chest said go get an xray done.

The common belief at the time was that brown people normally suffer from TB because of their diet, living and working conditions. Doctor thought I had pneumonia but just to be on safe side, I was admitted in to Grassington Sanatorium was a long two-storey building with rooms opening out directly onto balconies and fresh air. This was a TB sanatorium with about 200 beds and around it were accommodation for doctors and other staff. Here, adults and children from all over the north of England and beyond were sent in the hope that the pure Dales air would help them recover from the dreadful disease of tuberculosis.

This was shock to the system for Ba. She would come and visit me, 2 or 3 times a week. It was a torturous 20 mile bus ride. There was no treatment apart from walks. They decided it was because of my vegetarian diet. Blackeyes indicated that I was suffering from exhaustion. It was pointless trying tell them that I have always had black eyes.

Faisal visited when he could and slipped couple of packets of cigarettes. On my second weekend there, I was allowed to go home for the weekend. So went to see my employer. Harold was not happy. A local leather tannery was rebuilt after a fire and he had the contract to rewire the new factory. He said he would have to find somebody else. I promised to get myself discharged, next week.

So a week later, I came home and started working in the leather tannery. Ba would complain that I smelt something horrible after work. It was cold working outside, wiring a new building. I can recall one incident when I was working up on a ladder, drilling in a wall when there connection became loose and I had an electrical shock. I let go off the drill and fell. Fortunately, my fall was cushioned as I fell in a VAT of fat. It took days to get rid of the smell. My problem of getting up in the morning was not condoned by my boss. Invariably, I was late and after few weeks he called me up in the shop and fired me.

So I was back at the labour exchange. There was a job going at the local washing machine factory. That's good, I thought, my subject. I was wrong. The factory produced washing machines for Goblin brand. I was given the job cleaning and degreasing washing machine drums. There was a tank filled with Carbon Tetrachloride which was heated to produce vapours.

Here's the science bit:

Carbon tetrachloride was used as refrigerants, and as a cleaning agent. It is a colourless liquid with a "sweet" smell that can be detected at low levels. carbon tetrachloride exposure has severe adverse health effects, such as causing fulminant hepatic necrosis.

An hour of inhaling the vapour used to make me drowsy. I would sit down and fall asleep.

When I mentioned this to the foreman, he said that was normal. Just rest after an hour or so. I would come home and fall asleep on the sofa. The pay was reasonable at £8 per week I was not enjoying it. So I went to see Charlie and he said I could start next day.

The car was giving me trouble. Once, Ammed had borrowed it and said the hub spindle broke



and right front wheel had come off. Few weeks later, same thing happened to the left wheel. Fortunately, I was not driving that fast. I took it to a local garage and he offered a deal. Straight swop for a mini Van for my Triumph Herald. The van was less than a year old. In those days, I hesitated. There were no seats in the back, no windows in the back. I was told that he could fit me folding seats in the back but if I wanted windows, I would have to pay excise duty on

it as commercial vehicles paid much lower tax than normal saloons.

So I was a proud owner of a nearly new mini van.

Next week, police came. They wanted to check chassis and engine numbers. Apparently, the car had been involved in an accident and had been rebuilt. They confirmed that the car was legal.

Bhai arrived in April 1964. I went to pick him up, in my minivan, from tilbury docks. His luggage was transferred by agents.

Bhai liked the house but was not happy with the sleeping arrangements. There were only 2 bedrooms. He would not use the double bed. So that was moved to the smaller room. I stayed in the attic.



Bhai did not want my minivan. So we went and selected a 2nd hand Cortina Mk1. Bhai said he would pay full amount upfront. I did suggest that we could easily arrange a loan Bhai said he did not like debts. We cannot keep using kitchen for baths. We thought whether we should have it in the room next to the sitting room. DEciding that we did not want to lose a rom, bathroom & toilet were installed in the cellar, under the

kitchen.

Within a month of his arrival, we had telephone. Bhai said he would pay off the mortgage. I thought it was the wrong thing to do as we were not paying any interest. No debts, he said and the house was paid for.

He soon found a job with local shipping company, Walls Shipping Ltd.

Bhai attended an inaugural meeting of International Friendship Society, in Keighley. Next day, He made the front page of the local paper, Keighley News, with headline "We are starved of social vitamins". He was soon on the executive committee.

I am not aware anyone who would invite the Jeovah witnesses in the house and after an hour, it's the witnesses who want to leave and Bhai asking them to stay more discussions.

Two years later, Dinesh would make the front page with headline, "Eleven (or was it thirteen) GCE O'Levels for the local grammar school boy" I had only made 2 lines in inside pages, a

year earlier, for driving without licence. I got off lightly as I had passed the driving test, the next day.

When Bhai's international driving license, expired, Bhai was required to go through a driving test. Bhai was not happy when I suggested that Bhai take couple of driving lessons. Couple of lessons would show him what the examiners were looking for, especially both hands on steering wheel. It would also help with type of questions on the highway code. Anyway, Bhai relented and had couple of lessons with my old instructor. I am sure it helped and Bhai got his UK license.

He would also go on to help form Indian Association in Bradford, becoming founding president.



That summer, Indian Association held a fancy dress party.

Kamlesh was dressed as Krishna and we met Hasmukhbhai and Sarlaben Shah. Few weeks later, we attended a birthday party (for Sunil I think) at their house, located in St Luke's Hospital, Bradford. That friendship is still alive today.

In Keighley, a young couple, Harshad and Ranjan Desai, had just arrived. Harshadbhai had come on a contract to work for a Machine tool firm, located in Cross Hills, near Keighley. I think that was first contact we had, with Indian people.



Son of one of our family friends in Aden, Mukesh Panchal arrived in August 1964. We got him enrolled in the local school and as we were short of space, he moved in with Harshadbhai. Bhai's friend circle grew with predominantly doctor families.

They would be invited home. If they did not have transport, I would pick them up and then at end of the day, take them home.

My results came and I failed English again. There was no hope of getting into university. Huddersfield Technical college offered a 3 year sandwich course leading to Higher National Diploma and further year to gain College Associateship. It said this would be recognized as degree standard. So I applied and got accepted. The college term would start on 1st January 1965. At this time, New year's day was a public holiday in Scotland only.

With help from Bhai, I applied for a grant as an adult student and was approved as I had lived in the borough for more than 3 years. The grant was for college fees and a subsistence of £8. 2 shillings and 6 pence per week. There would be no inflation proofing.

Few weeks before start of my term, Gulam Nabi and I went to Huddersfield, looking for suitable digs. Signs like "No Dogs, No Black and No Irish" signs were common place on the doors. If there was sign saying vacancy, we would knock on the door. One look at us and response would be "Sorry, room's taken". It seemed that I would be travelling the 20 miles to attend the college. Only problem with that would be the grant would be drastically cut.

Ba was worried about food. So one day we went off to see Shavajibhai and Pragnaben Patel, in Huddersfield. It was agreed that I would go there for lunch and evening meal, Monday to Friday. I would spend weekends in Keighley. There we met Dr. Swami who was registrar at the local hospital. He said he had, recently met a young Indian boy who had nice accommodation. Perhaps he may know somewhere. He said he would get us the address. Pragnaben asked what sort of food I liked. I am happy with rotli & shak. So it was that for 2 years that's all I got.

Dr Swami ran and gave us the address. I went to see the Guy, Ajay Kapadia. It was big house in Bradford Road, with large rooms. I spoke to the landlord and he said I could have the room next to Ajay.

Next day, I wrote to Ajay, thanking him. When I next met him, he said that thanks for the card but I do not read Gujarati.

So my college began on 1 January 1965. I had turned 22, last November. College was good. I would walk to Shavajibhi's house at lunch time. After college, I would spend sometime in library before going there. Meal would be rotli and shak. They only seemed to watch westerns on TV. So if there was western on, I would stay otherwise I would go back to my digs. Later, they became interested in the series on Fugitive. So I would stay for that.

I had commandeered a portable radio from home so I had something to listen to. Ajay had a record player, so sometimes we would listen to records. On Friday evenings I would drive back to keighley with all my dirty laundry in the back of the van.

Financially, things were getting a bit tight. So Ba started a job at a local mill. One day, Ba said that one her pakistani workers had mentioned that her son, me goes out with white girls. Is that right? Ba asked. I had to think hard I said only time I taken a female to pictures is Mrs. D. She is over 60 , so not a girl. Only other person is Teressa from nextdoor and you know about that. This just illustrates how small the community was.

One weekend, a young girl who worked with Ba, came to the house. Her name was Valerie. At the end of the evening, as usual, Bhai asked me to take her home. She seem to do the talking. She had a hole(?) in heart and did not get out much. I said I normally just drive looking for new country roads. Can I come? I took her home. Her parents said why not take her for a drive next weekend. So next Saturday, we went for a drive. I was not doing anything exciting apart of things I done with John and Liz. I mentioned I had gone bowling, canoeing etc. Next weekend we drove to my digs. Ajay cooked us a meal and we all ate together. As I did in those days, I took her portrait picture. Evenings in digs were boring. Ther was no TV and radio was not always interesting. So sketched her picture. It passed the time and It looked ok. What I did not realize that she was a fantasist. She would tell Ba how I would take her Bowling, skating etc.Ba would tell Bhai and Bhai was thinking the worst, wondering if I was going off the rails.



As it frequently happened, Pallana family came for the weekend and as it was usually the case, we all went off to Blackpool. Mahendrabhai Ratansi lodged with them They had a new lodge, Pramila Shukla, who had recently arrived from Nairobi, Kenya. We spent the day trying out many rides in the funfair. (*bit of cheating here as the picture was probably taken, later, in Brighton. Jayshree, Jyotika, Pramila, Vasantiben's sister Veena and Dinesh next to Bhai's Cortina*)

Next day, we drove to Huddersfield to look at my digs. Mahendrabhai and Pramila came up to the room. There on the table, was a framed picture of Valerie which I had just finished sketching. Just a friend, I said.

A week or two later, we all went to Wembley for the weekend. We all sat round the table and talked. They had acquired some new songs so I sat there listening to the tape. Soon, all had gone to bed. There were just Pramilla and I listening to music. They were all new songs for me

so she was telling me about the films they were in. It was getting late, so I went to bed. Was there an ulterior motive why two of us were left alone?

A week later, I received a letter from Mahendrabhai Ratansi. Pramila was interested in me. He would be very pleased if I would consider him. Ba and Bhai are happy about it. So it looked as if matchmaking had already been done. I think the episode with Valerie would have accelerated the process.

I wrote back to Mahendrabhai said I did like her and would like to get to know her better. Perhaps after my exams.



So came our first holiday in England. Taking three cars, Pallana family, Our family, Vasantiben's sister Veena and Pramila went camping in Devon. I think first experience for all of us. My minivan was packed with all the camping gear. Pramila sat with me. We had 3 hour car journey to talk. We agreed to get engaged.

With Harshad Desai's help, I had managed to get 3 months' placement at his machine tool company, Landis Lund Ltd. I was placed in assembly area where control panels for the machines were assembled. My supervisor was a great guy. One good tip from him was to never walk about in big factory empty handed. If one carries a screwdriver, a clipboard or measuring meter, nobody will ask you what you are doing there. So when I went for a stroll to see what else was happening there, I remembered to carry a big screwdriver.

Started my 2nd academic year on 1 July 1966. The house where I stayed the previous year, had changed hands. Ajay Kapadia had got a year's posting in Barrow-in Furness. I had managed to get a nice room with a polish lady. It was a big rambling house, about a mile from the college. The lady was a refugee from Poland, having spent some time in a Russian labour camp. It was nice room but I was told that I could use her conservatory for reading / revising. The term was uneventful. I found out that I was popular during the college rag week as I had a car and I did not drink. So there was a rush to get into my car for the pub crawl.

I broke my nose, whilst playing hockey for the college. Being lefty, I could only keep the goal. The ball hit me at the side of nose, missing my left eye. I had to wear an eye patch for a week. One day, at Shavajibhi's house, I mentioned the crookedness of my nose. As he was the ENT

specialist, he said you cannot get married with a crooked nose; come and see me on Monday. When I saw him, I was wheeled into the operating theatre, sedated and nose straightened. Evenings in the room were boring or lonely or both. So much time was spent corresponding with Pramila.

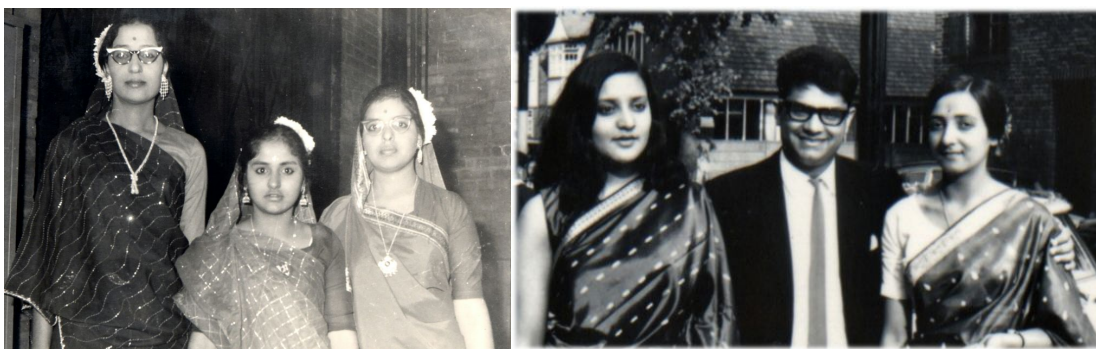
There was a bit of panic when they found that they could not get access to the exam papers for my last exam, Thermodynamics, which was due to take place on 1 July 1966. Proposal was to delay it by 24 hours. I protested as we were booked at the registry on 2 July. Fortunately, the papers were found and took my exam on Friday (I did not believe it when I scored 95% in Thermodynamics).

After the exam, I vacated the room. My landlady was invited to the wedding. She said she catch



the early train on Sunday. It was quick trip to Keighley and then all of us leaving for Wembley, that evening. Next morning it was trip to Brent Town hall for registry.

The wedding was held, next day, at a hall, behind the cinema, in Ealing Road. Our friends from



Yorkshire, including my 2 landladies, Mrs D and Miss Gabainska attended. Notable guests were Vinodini Travadi, Bano Shah and Rati Shah. Gulam Nabi took the pictures and Mahendrabhai R filmed the event. Harshadbhai Desai was my Best Man.

After the wedding, Jyotika, Dinesh, Jayshree, Kamlesh, Pramila and I piled in to the back of the Cortina. Bhai drove us back to Keighley with Ba sitting next him and ***Just married*** sign on



the front and back of the car.

We did get some weird looks.

Next day, I started my 3 month work placement with Yorkshire Electricity Board, in Keighley.

Rest of the family went on a tour of Europe with Pallana family. We had the house to ourselves.

Developed rolls of film started arriving. I borrowed film editor from our pool of new Doctor friends, Dr Khara and started splicing things together



Ajay Kapadia was doing work placement in Barrow-in-Furness.

Her invited us to spend the weekend with him, so next weekend, we drove there and spent the weekend there.

A lot had happened in those few days. Pramila had a panic attack so Saturday was spent at the local A & E.

A reception was arranged for Saturday 16 July at a local Methodist church hall. Local dignitaries and our friends were invited. I borrowed film projector from Dr Khara to show the wedding film.

Many guests at Indian wedding party held in Keighley



To improve race relationships in the town, Mr. Mansukh Upadhyaya, of 336 Whims Wood, Keighley, included more than 90 Indian and Pakistani guests among the 120 invited to his son's wedding party at Temple Street Methodist Church school rooms on Saturday, some of whom are seen here.

The actual wedding took place on July 3 at Wembley where the bride, Miss Pramila Shukla, had been living since she came to England over a year ago to study data processing at Kilburn Polytechnic.

At present she is staying with her in-laws, and will accompany her husband, Mahesh, when he returns to Huddersfield in September to continue his studies for the Higher National Diploma in electrical engineering at the Technical College. In the meantime he is working for the Yorkshire Electricity Board.

Among the guests present on Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Palanna who gave the bride away in the absence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Shukla, of Nairobi; Mr. N. L. Bachshi, London manager of the Life Insurance Corporation of India; Miss Margaret Rose, vice-chairman of Keighley International Friendship Committee, and the secretary, Mr. J. Gee; Miss A. Pedley, secretary of Keighley Council and Social Service; and Mr. Norman Wall, senior director of Walls Shipping Ltd., East Parade.

Indian folk music was played and guests enjoyed a buffet tea of Indian and Western foods, prepared by the bride's friends. Later a film was shown of the Indian wedding ceremony at the New Hall, Wembley.

Mr. Upadhyaya, who is an employee of Walls Shipping, has been a member of Keighley International Friendship League since it was started in 1964. He is a member of the executive committee, and also president of the Indian Association in Bradford.