

Nick Bowman - *personal profile*

It's very strange that one has difficulty in remembering until the memory is jogged. I have read a few of the profiles on



the website and memories come back to me.

I seem to remember that I enjoyed my time at Harlow. Yes there were bad times but I survived. Mostly I remember having fun; this was probably why I was in the B stream.

Some of the bits that come back to me are; decided that it was a good idea to go to confirmation classes as that got me out of homework once a week. Ready to be confirmed when it was pointed out that I had to have been christened. No problem!! Purgavie was to be my godfather. So I was Christened went back to the class room (looking past the school to the playing fields it was the last shack on the left, I think 5B but it may have been 4B)

Sighing with relief I lit a cigarette and two seconds later there was a booming "BOWMAN" from behind me. My hand went into my pocket burning, my heart thumping and probably looking as guilty as hell. Purgavie called me over to the window and said that he was only going to be my godfather for 24 hours so here's half a crown. He must have known what I was up to and there were others in the room but he left without saying anything else.

I also remember the episode at the Old Rectory. I remember bolting and when back at school thought I was in the clear. Ha ha ha if you leave your school scarf behind with your name attached to it you must expect to be caught. So yes the cane.

In my last year I had permission to bring my motorbike back to school, but I had to store it off the grounds. I seem to recall that Pete Smith had a new Honda 160 that had peak revs of 10,000 which in those days was amazing. My machine was a 200cc. Norman powered by a Villiers engine.

I left in '64 with 1 'O' Level ready to face the world!!!!!!!!!!!!

I did keep up with Pete Smith , Dave Williams and Mike McAfee for a while. Kept up with Mike the longest as I caught up with him from time to time for lunch.

I thought it would be cool to be a press photographer. I went for a test where I answered a lot of questions and these were fed into a computer. BE AN ACCOUNTANT it said. Well it was right about photography I take a tourist's snap. And, well; I ask you with 1 'O' level?

Worked at various things. Retail, Pub, trained as a mechanic to semi-skilled , Insurance broker, psychiatric nurse. Married a female psych nurse in 1969 and had 1st son Julian in 1970. Failed intermediate exams, left and started work as a company rep.

Well!! That was it. I'd found my career. Ended up as the sales and marketing director left in 1982 and went freelance. In the meantime son no. 2 was born 1972 Thomas.

Opened up an Old Peoples Home for wife to run whilst I was selling and starting a pump supply business with a partner. In 1988 in an endeavour to save a failing marriage we went to live in Cyprus (Cypriot wife!!) Bought some land, built a house and returned to UK 1994.

Divorced 1997 and started application to migrate to Australia. Whilst in Cyprus partner died of heart attack so I sold business. Spent 2x3 month blocks of time in Oz until permission granted and I left UK for Oz 2000.

Retired now, dealing with 4 young inherited grandkids and the rest of an extended family. Thomas (no. 2 son) and wife have produced 2 granddaughters for me (well not for me exactly but you know what I mean.)

Now I live with Liza in Adelaide. Have become an Australian citizen.



I've seen a fair amount of the world and when I started to reminisce I remembered Harlow and a google did the rest. Hope this is not too disjointed.

You can email me at Nick Bowman