

## A Turning Point

I don't like to think of myself as being self-centred, but whenever I do actually write something for the Writers group, it is usually about me and my family, so perhaps I am. And here I go again, but don't expect anything dramatic.

The turning point I want to tell you about was unsurprisingly when I left school, left home, and started work. Having passed the eleven plus, I had gone to what was considered to be the best boys' grammar school in Leicester, where I was put in the top stream up to the O-level exams. That might sound like bragging, but actually I was out of my depth, although none of the masters seemed to notice. I took ten subjects at O-level, only passing in seven, failing physics and chemistry, which is relevant to this story. I took the hint, and did languages up to A-level, managing to pass in French and German. We were expected to go on to university, but I decided the academic life wasn't for me. At the time I was interested in photography, that is to say I enjoyed taking pictures, I didn't do any developing and printing. In the sixth form I had also got involved with the school stage and stage lighting, so I applied to join the BBC as a Technical Operator. I got an interview, and wonder of wonders, was accepted. You will remember I didn't have any technical or scientific qualifications. So I joined the BBC in January 1965, with the plan to be a cameraman in London, working my way up to do television lighting. However I ended up working in Cardiff as an Audio Supervisor controlling the sound of radio programmes. I'll tell you about those turning points another time.