

THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE
WATERWORKS COMPANY

NEWS REVIEW



HEAD OFFICES,
SHEEPCOTE STREET.

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EDITORIAL

When I asked for news of the activities of our retired colleagues I did not expect that my first article would be about a visit to the United States of America, a thing that most of us dream about but haven't much hope of achieving. Mr. & Mrs. Nixon recently made such a visit and have sent a contribution for the News Review, (see Notes and News) which I know will interest everyone.

I should like to thank Mr. Nixon for taking up the challenge and starting the ball rolling. I wonder who will be the next one to send us news. When I talked with a few of our Superannuated Members at the office prior to their Visit to Blithfield Reservoir, one or two of them said that they had often thought of writing. I hope they will remember their words and let us hear from them.

It is very much regretted that owing to lack of support it has not been possible to arrange a Staff Visit to Works this year.

Arrangements have been made for the Annual Dinner and Dance to take place at The Imperial Hotel, Temple Street, on Wednesday, 18th March 1959. Perhaps members of the staff who have hitherto found Friday not a convenient day will welcome the change to a Wednesday. In any case, due to the heavy bookings at the Imperial Hotel, this date was the only one available, even so far ahead.

Further details will be given later. In the meantime, please make a note of the date.

Round and about

SUPERANNUATED MEMBERS' VISIT TO BLITHFIELD RESERVOIR.

The Third Annual Visit of the Company's Superannuated Members to Blithfield Reservoir took place on Tuesday, 15th July. The weather was perfect and after a few hasty chats with old colleagues at the office, the coach carrying the Head Office contingent moved off punctually (as usual to the accompaniment of good wishes from the "Young 'uns") At Perry Barr we picked up Mr. Shelton and his daughter. Howard, as he was mostly called, looked wonderfully fit with his usual ruddy complexion and twinkling eyes. The next stop was at Sutton Coldfield where Mr. & Mrs. Whitehead joined the party, which was comprised mostly of colleagues who had been very closely associated for many years. From then on the journey was enlivened with quips and jests and much leg-pulling and reminiscences. Our coach, having developed a slight "technical hitch", caused us to be a little late in arriving at our destination. Sir Arnold and Lady Waters, Mr. & Mrs. R.A. Robertson and Mr. A.W. Tibbenham welcomed us warmly and it was a delightful scene which met our eyes, looking for all the world like a large garden party. Many of the women folk wore light and colourful dresses and the well cut grass verges of the Reservoir displayed beds of delightful roses. It was interesting to see how the various parties had sorted themselves out and were busy recalling events and episodes of days long gone by. In one group, which the Chairman by the way insisted on joining, there were five ex-members of the Service and Meter Departments, two of them each having served the Company for 50 years.

Quite a few members braved the Tunnel and the steps up the embankment, while the remainder preferred to sit and bask in the lovely sunshine and get on with their "nattering". It was indeed grand to see the eagerness and delight the "Old Cronies" showed in meeting each other again. Sir Arnold and Lady Waters mingled freely with the various little groups and were tireless in their efforts to put everyone at ease, and to make the occasion a success.

The Photographer, who had a roaming commission, should have some very interesting and happy pictures to show.

The time came round all too soon, and reluctantly leaving the Reservoir and its delightful surroundings, the party was soon busily engaged in putting paid to a very nice tea, to the accompaniment of music played by Mr. Maurice Udloff on Piano and Piano Accordion - a non-stop performance lasting the better part of an hour.

Tea over, the Chairman, in his warm and sincere manner, officially welcomed, on behalf of the Company, all those present. He mentioned that the average age of the Superannuated Members present on this occasion was 72 years, and that the average service was $33\frac{1}{2}$ years. One member has reached the age of 92 and looks good for the century, and there were three members present each with 50 years' service.

Mr. R.A. Robertson and Mr. A.W. Tibbenham warmly endorsed the Chairman's welcome.

Mr. Shelton, who seems to have become the recognised speaker on behalf of the Superannuated Members, then responded in his inimitable manner, with sincerest thanks to the Company, and to all those who had worked to make the occasion a successful and happy one.

After a little more music and a sing-song, the Party began to disperse, very reluctantly, and after many handshakes and hopes of meeting again next year, the coaches departed for their several destinations.

For those so minded, refreshment was provided at "The Crown", and was deeply appreciated.

So ended another "Not-to-be-forgotten" day.

Grateful thanks are again extended to the organisers for the usual perfect arrangements, and to the Stewards and Guides who spared no efforts in their endeavours to see that each and everyone should be comfortable and at ease.

Also a big thank you to Mrs. Edgar for once again providing a splendid meal, and for the good service given.

It might be of interest to Readers to note that there are at present 105 Superannuated Members and that out of this number there were 60 present, and with their Ladies the party totalled 112. The absentees were prevented mostly through having to travel long distances, or by illness.

This is surely real evidence that the generosity of the Board is very deeply appreciated.

"Here's to the next time".

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INSURANCE

It may be of interest to those about to go on holiday to know that arrangements have been made with the Company's Insurers for Certificates to be issued from Head Office in respect of Tourists' and Travellers' Personal Accident Insurance and Baggage Insurance.

Information in this respect, and Certificates of Insurance, may be obtained from Mr. J. Whitworth.

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We should like to extend our congratulations and best wishes to Gordon Brownjohn, 20 year old son of Mr. F.W. Brownjohn of Walsall Office, who has been included in the Water Polo Team to represent Great Britain in this year's European Games. The Swimming Events are being held at Budapest and we shall look forward to the result of this particular one with great interest.

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On my visits to the various stations it is very pleasing to see the gardens, which in spite of the bad weather, are doing justice to the people responsible for their care.

To mention any particular one would be unfair to those stations unfortunately situated in surroundings which make cultivation difficult. One must, however, offer congratulations where they are due.

It seems a pity that the Horticultural Section of the Sports Club is temporarily suspended, as I feel that there would have been a great response this year.

J.F. Sandfields.

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THE FISHERMAN

Members of the Angling Section opened their Club activities this season on Saturday, 21st June, by entertaining members of the Coventry Water Department Angling Club to a match at Stowe Pool, Lichfield. This lovely setting, in the precincts of a great and noble Cathedral, lent itself admirably to a festivity and social reunion far more than a combat when the Town Hall clock is at stake. South Staffs lost by a narrow margin, but as we were the hosts on this occasion - "It is more blessed to give than to receive".

The Club's second engagement was even more social than the opening match. On Saturday, 19th July, members gathered at Stowe Pool for their annual request match with the Angling Section of Horseley Bridge & Thomas Piggott Social Club, who were visitors at Stowe at the invitation of the Company. The very high appreciation of this kindness was apparent as I mingled with their members. Once again the social side led the field, aided greatly by the presence of wives and families of the contestants. Notable amongst the visitors from Horseley Bridge was Mr. Degg and Mr. Rowley with their families, whilst on our side support was given by Mr. & Mrs. D. Priestley, Mr. & Mrs. J. Bradbury and Mr. J. Fisher. We were pleased also to have many ladies with us and their presence lent a poetry of motion to the waterside and gave encouragement to the patient fisherman who hadn't caught a fish.

Prior to the whistle that heralds the start of the match, one enthusiast, having put in a little practice, exhibited a 7½ lbs. pike he had landed. This was the admiration of all - bar one! This member, having all the cares of Sheepcote Street on his shoulders, just passed in silence with that well-known grin, and "I'll show 'em attitude". However, the "Show-'em" was left to Mr. Bob Wright and Mr. C.H. Bradbury, Brindley Bank, who by their skill each gained a handsome prize.

I am sure that all our members and visitors are very mindful of the thoughtfulness that brought about this enjoyable event.

By permission of the Engineer-in-Chief, Club members are again able to fish this season in the river section of the Intake to Blithfield Reservoir. A number of members have already fished this desirable stretch of water, although heavy rains have held up the fine weather fisherman, and the marshy area hindered approach. I understand some fine fish have been grassed; the two top weights I have witnessed are those of D. Fletcher, Collector - Chub, 1 lb. 14 ozs. 2 drs. and A. Hollowood, Waste Staff - Perch, 1 lb. 14 ozs. 2 drs. and I feel sure that when the Secretary has final records to hand, the above weights will be in the also rans. I wish members good luck and good fishing.

Member Dick, (Shenstone Foreman) who, together with our Secretary, Stan, had by some clever means of calculation arranged a week's holiday that covered the opening day of the coarse fishing season, and were the first to break water on that lovely summer day, Monday, 16th June, and here is Dick's narrative.

"We arrived at the Newton Intake in full protective clothing (never trust the weather). Stan fixed his headquarters at the first weir, having established a seat on the wall, whilst I followed the stream a little further down and staked my claim. After a short period I visited Stan, found him solidly fishing and devoid of any protective clothing. I repeated these visits at frequent intervals, always taking my milk bottle with me and on each visit I found Stan had divested himself of a further garment, with very often a fish tugging at his line in an attempt to waken him. On my final visit, milk all gone, I found Stan

fast asleep once more and a fish firmly fixed at the end of the line, but I simply cannot recall whether he had his pants on! So much for the peaceful side of angling - perfect relaxation".

This episode induces me to report an interesting article forwarded to A. Hollowood by a relative in Canada.

WARNING
FISHING POX

Very contagious to adult males.

Symptoms. Continual complaint as to need for fresh air, sunshine and relaxation.

Patient has blank expression, sometimes deaf to wife and kids.

Has no taste for work of any kind.

Frequent checking of tackle catalogues.

Hangs about in Sporting Goods Stores longer than usual.

Secret night 'phone calls to fishing pals.

Mumbles to self.

Lies to everyone.

No known cure. Quarantine unnecessary.

Treatment. Medication is useless. Disease is not fatal and Victim should go fishing as often as possible.

Piscatorial Devotee

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WALLY WALLINGTON

It gave me great pleasure at mid-day today, Friday, 22nd August, to witness the return of our old colleague Walter after a very long and painful sojourn in Hospital following his unfortunate road accident. Cheer up Wally - I am sure that your home environment and your good wife's care will soon bring you back to good health.

T.Hunt, Sutton.

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TIPTON DEPOT AREA SPORTS CLUB

It was a happy idea to combine business with pleasure, so the Executive Committee of the Tipton Depot Sports Club held its Annual General Meeting this year in fresh surroundings. It took place on the evening of Friday, May 2nd, at "The Anchor Inn", Old Worcester Road, Stourport, and the venture was fully justified by the improved attendance which marked the occasion.

After the Minutes of the last annual general meeting had been read, confirmed by the members present, and signed by the Chairman, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year.

Chairman	Mr. V.W. Guest
Vice-Chairman	Mr. L. Eades
Hon. Secretary	Mr. J. Guy
Hon. Treasurer	Mr. H. Hale
Hon. Collector and Asst. Secretary	Mr. E. Smith
Hon. Auditor	Mr. E. Percival.

With the exception of the last-named, the above officials and Messrs. P. Haines, L. Hill, E. Jones, V. Stoyale, W. Lewis, H. Denning and R. Parkes were elected to constitute the Executive Committee.

The resignation of Mr. H.P. Wright from the Treasurership was accepted with regret. It was resolved to record with appreciation the good service rendered by Mr. Wright in this office since the inception of the Club.

The business concluded, an enjoyable social evening followed.

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Several of the Club Members and a few of their friends participated in an Outing by Coach to Evesham on the afternoon of Saturday, 7th June. The weather was kind, and after making their own arrangements for tea, the party enjoyed a pleasant evening. A very happy spirit prevailed, and everyone acclaimed the trip a great success.

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RETIREMENT OF MR. G. RICHARDS,
OF CONEYGRE PUMPING STATION.

To mark his retirement after 39 years' service with the Company, a presentation of a handsome eight-day chiming clock was made to Mr. George Richards, of Park Lane West, Tipton, on the evening of Saturday, 19th July. Mr. Richards, a modest military-medallist of the first world war, and now 65 years of age, joined the Company upon being demobilised in 1919. In 1926 he was appointed Stoker at Coneygre

Pumping Station, and in 1942, upon the retirement of his former colleague, Mr. Ernest Breakwell, (who is now well over 80 years of age), he became the Station Foreman. George was an enthusiastic member of the Company's Home Guard during the second World War, and has been a member of the Tipton Depot Area Sports Club since its formation.

The Club therefore thought it fitting to celebrate the occasion with a party to which members could invite their wives, and we were pleased that such a good number responded. A supper was held at the Gorsty Lea Restaurant at Codsall, where George was presented with the Clock, (which was the gift of his fellow employees at Tipton Depot and the Pumping Station), by the Depot Superintendent, Mr. E. Jones.

Mrs. Richards was the recipient of a handsome bouquet.

Mr. Jones, on behalf of the employees, expressed the earnest hope that Mr. Richards would enjoy a long and healthy well-earned retirement, and said that he and his wife would take with them best wishes for their future happiness.

George very briefly replied and thanked everyone concerned for their gifts and for making such a pleasant occasion possible for Mrs. Richards and himself.

After leaving Codsall, the remainder of the evening was enjoyably spent at Bridgnorth.

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GOLDEN WEDDING

Sincere congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. Harry Dunn of May Cottage, Woolaston, Stourbridge, who were married at Brierley Hill Parish Church on the 12th September 1908.

Harry entered the Company's service in May 1907, retiring in October 1948, spending more than half his time as Foreman. He took charge of the Company's supply from Baggeridge Colliery in the Great War; Prestwood (1927-30), and Ashwood (1930-1948).

For a man approaching his 78th year, Harry is still a great enthusiast, and his knowledge of gardening could be written high in the sky in letters of flaming gold.

His countless friends will join in wishing Harry Dunn and his good Lady many more happy years.

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STAFF ASSOCIATION EVENTS

ANNUAL OUTING

Tuesday the 3rd June was the day of the Staff Association Club's Annual Outing and a party of just over fifty members and wives spent the day at Windsor.

The weather in the morning was dull and this, coupled with the fact that so few members were on the trip, made one feel that the conditions were hardly ideal for the occasion.

However, by the time a stop was made at Banbury for coffee the weather had brightened and the party had shewn that they weren't going to be downhearted.

Luncheon was at the Castle Hotel and was as good a meal as could be wished for. The room was bright, the service excellent and the food first class.

In the afternoon, with the sun shining brightly, the party split up; some went river trips, others to the Castle, Eton College or The Great Park.

At 6 o'clock we started back and very soon the younger element - and some not so young - indulged in community singing led lustily, if not very musically, by Bob Wright! On reflection, it seems that the addition of a song book to the office library would not be amiss - they might then know a few more words by next year!

After the sing-song a short stop was made at Shipston-on-Stour to quench the choristers' thirsts and so back home - an enjoyable day indeed.

I wonder why more Members don't support the outings - can it be that they just don't know what they're missing?



The Annual Cricket Match against Bristol Waterworks took place on the 29th June at Bristol. The result was a fairly convincing win for the South Staffs.

The batting was largely monopolised by Les Bailey (52 not out) and Frank Crowe (48) and Skipper Philip Burton was able to declare the innings closed, at the tea interval, at 144 for eight wickets.

When Bristol batted they had difficulty in getting runs off the accurate bowling of Dick Orton and Frank Crowe and after a third-wicket stand which promised to develop into a real run-getting combination had been broken, the remaining wickets fell fairly cheaply and the innings closed at 77; though victory was gained with but a minute to spare.

Once again the match was a notable social success and the coach conveying the cricket team and their supporters from Birmingham was full - how vocal we were on the return journey under the experienced baton of Frank Tristram! We were also favoured by good weather, which is worth recording in a season when so many matches have been ruined by rain. As to the hospitality afforded by our hosts, this was of the highest order even by Bristol's standard and was very much appreciated.

Mr. Collen, Secretary of the Bristol Waterworks Company, made a short speech of welcome at the tea interval and in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Tibbenham, Mr. Stokes responded.

A story told by Mr. Collen is worth repeating. Two local Bristol teams were in combat and, as is not unusual in some of these local Derbys, the umpires, to put it mildly, were rather partisan. A critical stage of the game had been reached and it was essential for the bowler to take a wicket. He made his run up, delivered the ball and the batsman was struck squarely on the pads. The umpire, at the bowler's end, in a moment of enthusiasm and excitement shouted "How's that?" and the bowler promptly replied "Out!".

The present position in the series is that South Staffs have won five, Bristol two, and two drawn.

LADIES' PAGE



Before the next issue of the News Review, we shall be faced with long evenings, and perhaps after the wretched summer we shall be enjoying our hobbies by the fireside. With this in mind, and for those who "must do something with their hands", one reader has suggested Pewter Work as a worthwhile occupation, and one which she had found fascinating and interesting.

The tools you require can be bought or can be home-made. They consist of quarter inch mild steel rods in the shape of a pencil; one has a sharp pointed end and the others have blunt ends of different sizes ranging from 1/16 inch to up 1/4 inch in radius.

To begin your work you obtain a pad of thick felt, the size of which is determined by the article you are going to make. Next you take your sheet of pewter which you have purchased at your local handicraft shop. This sheet looks like a thin sheet of tin and is a bright silver colour.

Now is the time to get your design on to the metal. This can be done either by drawing it on, or, as most people do, by tracing it on with a transfer similar to the way you do with embroidery. When you remove the paper you have a very fine indentation of the pattern on the metal. To make sure that the pattern is quite clear you go over it with your pointed metal instrument. You then have your design firmly showing on the pewter.

The idea now is to raise the pattern from the wrong side by using your larger rounded instrument. You have to be very careful to push the pattern well out but also take great care not to make holes in the pewter as this is very easily done. When you have sufficiently raised your pattern from the wrong side you turn the sheet over to the right side and begin the process of outlining your raised pattern with your pencil-ended instrument. Now revert to your blunt ended instruments and depress the metal that has risen that is not in the design. You go through this process on right and wrong sides of the pewter several times until the pattern is well raised and clear.

You have now reached the second stage in the proceedings. You require for this a paste called Barbola and this is used to fill in the design on the wrong side of your work. The paste must be firmly packed into the indentations, in order to keep the pattern in shape.

If you should be making a plaque or picture you obtain your base made in tin which you proceed to cover with your pressed out pewter. If you require a jewel or cigarette box you take an ordinary wooden box of the necessary size and cover that in a similar way. If you are making a plaque or picture the design is held on by folding the pewter carefully over the edge of the tin. Should you require a box, the pewter is held on with special tacks. The inside of the box is lined in whatever way you require. One suggestion is to glue green baize on. These bases can also be obtained at your local handicraft shop.

You have now reached the final stage which is the staining and polishing of the article. To stain the article you rub on a special liquid and when you have obtained the depth of colour you require put on one side to dry. When perfectly dry you finally polish with a powder.

You can obtain books and leaflets giving full details of this fascinating hobby.

Articles you can make.

Plaques, Pictures, Cigarette and Jewel Boxes, Mirror Frames, Fire Screens, Log or Coal Boxes, Brooches - plain or with a stone centre piece.

The easiest are plaques, pictures or small boxes.

The Types of Transfers are in Order of Ease.

1. Abstract (Jacobean etc).
2. Flower Motifs.
3. Birds and Trees



My Wife and I have often longed to visit the United States and many times have said - "When we have the time -- and the money -- we will go". This year our wish came true. The voluntary work I have done for many years in connection with the Armed Services has brought me in touch with the Manager of Christian Science Activities for the Armed Services and when he heard that we were thinking of visiting the United States he suggested we might like to attend the Annual Meeting of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

And so the money was saved, and the arrangements made, but if anybody had told me I should be spending a weekend in New England as the guest of an Admiral and his Wife, it would have seemed like "today's funny story". Such was the case, and my Wife and I were met at the railway station in the most wonderful car we have ever seen, and taken to their delightful residence at a large U.S.A. Naval Base. On the Saturday we went on the Admiral's "barge" with a crew of five, and a party of very charming folk, to see the start of the Yacht Race to Bermuda. We had lunch on board under a cloudless sky and with glorious sunshine, and felt on our return that it was one of the most wonderful days we had ever had. Mention of the motor car reminds me that everybody appears to have one. They are parked on both sides of the streets, and outside all the Works and Railway Stations. The open-air theatres and restaurants, something not yet seen in our country, are also crowded with them. Although most things seem to cost more than at home, I understand wages are higher, and more than compensate for the high cost of living.

I thought when I took a trip from Fleetwood to the Isle of Man and from Stranraer to Larne that I knew what it was like to travel on a big vessel, but I realise now that the boats on these routes are mere toys compared with The Queen Elizabeth. She is gigantic, so much so that when the sea is calm it seems like being in a large hotel. The voyage from Southampton to New York was most enjoyable, except that I could not sleep at nights for the vibration and noise. We travelled cabin class rather than tourist, in the hope of getting greater comfort, and were disappointed in this respect.

The food amazed us; this was supplied in abundance, and most of the time on board seemed to be spent in eating. Many of the passengers were Americans who had been touring Europe, and it was good to hear all with whom we talked say how much they liked England and the English people. One of the things that pleased me most was the love that the New England people have for the old country, and I am more than ever sure of the great need for Great Britain and the United States to pull together.

One man with whom I talked left Bristol 51 years ago and wanted to hear about Bristol and another came from Eastbourne 30 years ago. Another passenger mentioned the fact that his Mother came from Ilfracombe, and a taxi driver in Montreal, who had been stationed at Horsham during the war, said his Mother came from Ireland and his Father from Scotland. He told me he was a machinist but could not get work at his trade so was glad to drive a car. He wanted to know if he would get employment in England if he came over, as he was very tempted to leave Canada. Everybody, on finding that we came from England, wanted to shake hands and talk, and it was good to feel that they have their roots in the old country, and in many cases, their greatest desire is to visit Great Britain.

A young friend of ours whom we used to know in Sutton Coldfield and who married an American and works near Boston, invited us out to dinner and we much enjoyed having it at "The Wayside Inn". This has recently been re-opened after a fire. Longfellow, the Poet, gave it name and fame in his "Tales of A Wayside Inn". It is a very interesting spot, and is a quiet jumping-off point for historical sight-seeing nearby. Today, as of yore, it offers the traveller -

"A region of repose it seems
A place of slumber and of dreams
Remote among the wooded hills".

Another interesting experience was a visit to the United Nations Building in New York. This building, as I expect you know from pictures, is very modern; but why they wasted money in decorating the walls in the most modern, and to me, ugly manner, passes my comprehension.

My life-long interest in the water supply naturally made me take particular interest in the fittings. Since leaving Southampton I did not see a cistern, as flush valves are in use everywhere and one could not help wondering why there seems to be such a strong objection to their use at home. Most of the fittings over the sinks and basins seem to be far in advance of the ordinary bib taps used in England, and showers with mixing valves can be seen everywhere. Hose pipes, presumably made of polythene or similar material, are in general use.

My ever-present interest in trains enabled me to get a thrill when we went to Grand Central Station, New York, to travel to Boston. They do not queue in America as we do here, so my Wife, being the bigger of the two, took the lead to Track No. 15. They do not speak of platforms as is the custom here. I did not feel that the trains which we saw were in any way better than ours. In fact when returning from Glasgow on The Royal Scot after landing from the air at Prestwick, I felt that this rolling stock was certainly superior to any I saw over the other side. The American trains are undoubtedly bigger and I should think heavier, and on one of the trains on which we travelled there was a whole coach reserved for non-smokers, attention being drawn to it by an Inspector as passengers joined the train.

The mad rush and noise which we were told existed in New York is no worse in my opinion than in the cities at home, and we found it quite as easy to cross the streets as we do in Birmingham.

The closeness to home is seen in the fact that at a meeting which I attended at which messages were recorded from all over the world, the one from England included a picture on the screen of the promenade at Leigh-on-Sea where I have often walked, and the voices were those of children from that district. On another occasion a party of people included a Professor and his Wife, who told me of a visit they had made to the Research Station at Rothamstead Harpenden, where I had friends, and close to where I lived some years ago. Another strange coincidence was meeting a lady at whose house we stayed some 14 years ago when we were on holiday in the Isle of Wight, and whom we had not seen since that time.

The turn-pike roads with their junctions, cross-over, etc. are really wonderful and similar roads would be very welcome in Great Britain, but of course there is not the space here that there is in the States. I was interested too to see the police controlling the traffic by blowing whistles, and it was surprising that there are so few bicycles.

All the buses we saw were of the single decker type and the drivers have to collect the fares as there are no conductors. We came to the conclusion that the Americans are not fond of walking. Usually, when we asked to be directed anywhere we were told that it was a long way. To my Wife and I, who are used to walking, it seemed quite a short distance.

Happily for me, my Wife is not one who spends much time looking at the shops, but she persuaded me to visit one or two large stores in Boston. We felt that as far as the ladies clothes on show were concerned, a lot of things were not of such good quality as in this country; this is probably due to the fact that the humidity makes it necessary to change more frequently.

We were touched by the kindly way the people have of saying "You're welcome" whenever they are thanked for information given or services rendered, and this, besides the fact that when motoring around the neighbourhood we found ourselves going to places with such familiar names as Chelsea, Wakefield, Greenwich and Dudley, made us feel that we could settle down quite happily among our American friends.

Our flight home was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Living as we do in the "Space Age" I felt it right to return by air, although my Wife was not at all happy at the thought of it. She now says the next time we go to the States we will go there and back by air, she enjoyed it so much.

A Constellation belonging to Trans-Canada Air Lines, carrying 70 passengers, brought us across in the night from Montreal most comfortably. We were doubtless fortunate in that the weather was fine, and the rising of the sun was a magnificent sight. After travelling for miles in glorious sunshine, it was disappointing to drop down through the clouds hanging over Prestwick, and we were glad to put on raincoats in order to keep dry and warm.

During my visit I was reminded of an incident which once happened to me and which I do not remember relating to my colleagues at S.S.W.

I was standing on New Street Station one lovely Spring morning, wearing a light suit and grey hat. Evidently I looked like a prosperous Bookmaker. Much to my surprise a porter came up to me and said, "Thank you, Sir, for the tip you gave me the other day. It did me a bit of good". Keeping my face as straight as possible, I said, "I am so glad it did you a bit of good", and quietly walked away. As you know, horse-racing is not a weakness of mine, and I don't suppose I have ever given anyone a tip on a race in my life..

S.R.NIXON.

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PUBLIC RELATIONS

The following visits to works of the Company have taken place and judging from the letters received, all those participating find them instructive and interesting. Letters continue to be received thanking the Company, also the Guides for their clear and concise information.

JUNE

Members of the Burton Motorcycle and Light Car Club to Blithfield Reservoir and Seedy Mill Purification Plant.

Representatives from Messrs. Laurence, Scott and Electromotors, Ltd. to Seedy Mill Pumping Station.

Boys from St. Chad's Junior Boys' School, Chadsmoor, to Blithfield Reservoir.

Student Nurses from Walsall Hospital Nurses' Training School, Pelsall.

Three Parties of Upper Fourth Form Girls at the Friary School, Lichfield, to Sandfields Filtration Plant.

JULY

Senior Pupils from The Joseph Leckie Comprehensive Secondary School, Walsall, to Blithfield Reservoir.

Members of the Streetly Women's Institute to Blithfield Reservoir.

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ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

The Healer	F.Slaughter
Nancy Wake	Russell Bradden
Sleepless Moon	H.E.Bates
Irish Boy	Naomi Jacob
On The Beach	Nevil Shute
Beyond the Black Stump	Nevil Shute
The Scapegoat	Daphne Du Maurier
Marjorie Morningstar	Herman Wauk
Drums on Hills	E.Carfrae
River Road	F.P.Keyes
Return of Bulldog Drummond	Sapper
Sable Smoke	Dorothy Mackinder
Paradise Place	Warwick Deeping
Julian's Way	John Brophy
Opening Night	Ngaio Marsh



"OH TO BE IN ENGLAND"

January: Brought some Snow and Ice,
to go out in that, we had to think twice.

February: "Fill the Dyke" true to its name.
Rain was expected, and down it came.

March: Came in like the proverbial Lamb,
but its rain almost filled the Blithfield Dam.

April: We expected some Springlike showers,
but it rained instead for hours and hours.

May: Was "Healthy" because it was cold,
but it rained as well, so I've been told.

June: Was warmer, it made us wonder,
The rain was now accompanied by Thunder.

July: We had hoped the Skies would be Blue,
But the storms were many instead of few.

? : Five Months to go before the year's end,
If the rain doesn't cease we'll be all
"Around The Bend".

S.J.M.
CANNOCK.

HELL CORNELIUS

Wittkins himself, accompanied by the industrious Inspector Grey, had been up north for nearly two weeks on the trail of Cyrus Bean, an American small-time actor turned stick-up man, who had managed to get away with seventy-thousand pounds in an armed hold-up.

The victim, a Liverpool Exporter named Issy Glucksborgh, who traded under the grand old English name of Jack Britton, complained in about seven different languages of the shortcomings of the Police service, until one fine day about a week following the crime he received a visit from a hard-hearted Tax Inspector, after which he found himself very busily engaged on other matters.

Sir William Wittkins, who seemed to possess about three senses above the ordinary, turned over the case to Grey and decided to spend a couple of days with Harborne Joe at Dudbridge. Included in his baggage was the usual Colt 45 revolver as well as twelve yards of thin strong cord.

He arrived at Dudbridge just after seven o'clock on Friday evening, at the very moment when Mr. Cornelius Schrunk was being presented with the Iron Cross First Class.

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The Hostess, Mrs. Vera Schrunk, who was very beautiful at the worst of times, and now dressed up in her best, had already captured the heart of her distinguished visitor. He was a shorter and leaner man than the photographs and films shewed, but of course this could be accounted for by ten years' sojourn in Peru.

Don Adolphus spoke more like an American than otherwise, although now and again he let fall a word or two in the German tongue with which his hosts were more familiar.

As for Cornelius - he was like a man in a dream. It was true that when the matter had been introduced by Danny Malone, he had been anything but enthusiastic. But, face to face with the Real Thing - the great Leader of the Souls of Sumatra a guest in his own house, he was a man inspired.

"In one week from now", said Don Adolphus, "I shall be on my way to America. There I shall preside at a Conference which may decide the fate of the World, and you, my friend -", he turned to Cornelius and placed a hand on his shoulder, - "will surely have your reward".

Cornelius beamed, and looked to his ever-loving Wife. But Vera seemed to have forgotten him completely. She had eyes only for Don Adolphus, and there was a light in those eyes Cornelius had never seen before.

At ten o'clock Sambo appeared, and Schrunk bowed to Don Adolphus.

"Lord", said he, for want of a better word, "this man and I will patrol the grounds for a little while".

They bowed and passed through the door, and no sooner had they departed than the revered Leader of the Souls of Sumatra drew his chair much nearer to Vera. His eyes bored into hers, and she almost shivered. Then he brushed away a lock of hair from his forehead, and smiled at his Hostess.

"You may call me Adolf", he said, - and from that moment she was completely lost.

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At six o'clock on Sunday evening, Mr. Danny Malone arrived for dinner. He had some information for Don Adolphus, and the two were in private conference for nearly an hour.

During the subsequent meal the Leader announced his impending departure for America on the following Wednesday. This came as rather a relief to Cornelius, who had felt himself gradually being pushed into the background, spending more time with the faithful Sambo than with his Vera and the semi-regal Guest.

He had good cause for his misgivings, for soon afterwards the beautiful but naughty Vera was seriously considering arrangements for a trip to Philadelphia.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Danny Malone bade them all a fond farewell and hauled himself aboard his motor cycle. He had just passed through the front gate-way of the Towers and turned into a narrow lane when he discovered his front tyre was flat. As he dismounted a very large man with a very large smile appeared out of the shadows and hit him under the chin with a very large fist and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

When he eventually recovered it was to find himself in a Police cell at Dudbridge, after being the recipient of one of Harborne Joe's sleeping draughts.

The next morning he was provided with a very good breakfast, much to his surprise, and soon afterwards came an officer who conducted him to a comfortable small office containing a table and three armchairs, two of which were already occupied.

He shuddered as he recognised the large man he had met in the lane. But it was the other man who waved him into the chair.

"Your name", said he quietly, "is Martin Thomas Cann, and you were born in Castlebar in County Mayo on the first of April nineteen hundred and ten.

"You have in your colourful career possessed four wives and many thousands of pounds, all belonging to other people. As far as I know, you have been sent down seven times in this Country, twice in Ireland, and once in Spain".

Danny wilted in his chair. This man seemed to know everything. He pulled himself together, and asked a question, although he thought he knew the answer.

"Who are you?"

"My name", replied the other, "is Colonel Sir William Wittkins, the Deputy Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard. This gentleman," - he poked a finger at Harborne Joe - "is acting as my Interpreter, and I should like you to tell me what you know about Mr. Cyrus Bean and the seventy thousand quid he has hidden".

Danny Malone had a very uncomfortable half-hour. Then he decided to talk.

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There was a great deal of hustling at the Towers during Wednesday afternoon. But Cornelius Schrunk was elated. As far as he was concerned a little of the Leader went a long way.

There was no sign of Vera, who had been fussing over the packing of Don Adolphus' luggage. Danny Malone was expected to arrive with the car at six o'clock.

The clock struck half-past five as Cornelius stood talking in the library to his herchman Sambo, when the door suddenly opened and the Great Don Adolphus appeared. His appearance was slightly changed. Gone was the dark Chaplinesque moustache and the wisp of hair. He was dressed for the road, - and so was Vera Schrunk.

But it was the Automatic in his steady hand which impressed them most.

"All right! Do as you're told, keep your mouths shut, and you may live for a little while".

Cornelius opened his mouth, but no words came. Like a sleep-walker he preceded the Leader along the passage and down a flight of stairs which led to the strong-rooms in the cellar, the stupid Sambo at his heels.

Five minutes later they were both locked in a small room which seemed more like a cell than anything else, Vera herself locking the door and waving Cornelius a flippant goodbye. Her handbag was crammed with the considerable money Cornelius kept in the house.

"And now, my dear," said Don Adolphus, when they were back in the library, "all we want is Danny Malone on time". He opened a bottle of gin and filled two glasses. He smiled at his lovely companion.

"In a little while", said he, "you will be a Queen". He threw his glass in the hearth, walked over and opened the door. Vera preceded him along the hall, as a voice came from behind.

"Don't move"!

She screamed as Don Adolphus dived to the ground, at the same time drawing his Automatic. But the other man was too quick for him, and held his wrist in a grip of iron as Harborne Joe rushed along to give a hand.

"Cyrus Bean", said Sir William, "I have a Warrant for your arrest. You will be coming with me quietly to Dudbridge Police Station."

The quartet made its way along the Drive to where a Police car waited in the lane, and a few minutes later arrived at Dudbridge Headquarters.

Sir William was so sorry for Vera Schrunk he almost felt like letting her go, but Joe came to his assistance.

"Better keep her in clink for a bit", he said. "She will be much safer there than she will be at home when old Schrunk gets free".

Harborne Joe grinned at Vera, who was looking very sorry for herself.

"Goodbye, Your Majesty", said he, bowing low before her. She drew back her left hand and gave him a lovely clout under the right ear.

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Personalia

NEW EMPLOYEES

Miss A.Harris	Order Department
Mr. D.Tonks	Distribution Department
Mr. K.Kennett	Civil Engineering Department
Mr. J. Anderson	Sandfields Water Treatment
Mr. R.T.Mountford	Distribution Department
Miss T.W.Manning	Accountants Department
Miss M.E.Reader	Distribution Department
Miss M.I.Gott	Revenue Department.

RESIGNATIONS

Mr.E.Lees	Wood Green Stores
Mrs. N. Harvey	Revenue Department
Mr.D.Berry	Distribution Department.

RETURNED FROM H.M.FORCES

Mr. K.T.Johnson	Sandfields Laboratory.
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RETIREMENTS

Mr. B.Marshall, Foreman Carpenter. Retired on the 26th June aged 66 years, after 26 years' service.

Mr. G.H.Richards, Foreman, Coneygre. Retired 12th July aged 65 years, after 39 years' service. (See report on pages 7 & 8 - Around & About.

Mr. J.E.Peach Labourer at Pipe Hill Pumping Station, retired 4th June aged 65 years, after 7 years' service.

Mr. A.Cooper Reservoir Attendant, Barr Eacon. Retired 27th August 1958, aged 66 years, after 10 years' service.

DEATH

We regret to report the death of Mr. J. Whittingham on the 10th May 1958, aged 80 years. Before his retirement in April 1945, Mr. Whittingham was at Ashwood Pumping Station.

MARRIAGE

Congratulations to Mr. J.G. Miller, Foreman at Somerford Pumping Station, who was married to Miss B.M. Trueman on Saturday, 9th August, at the Congregational Church, Queen Street, Wolverhampton. We wish them good health and happiness in their married life.

BIRTH

Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. E. Clainey (Meter Department) on the birth of a Daughter, Erika, born on the 22nd June.

H.M.FORCES

Mr. J. Fencott and Mr. J. Castle, Walsall Depot, are leaving for National Service with H.M. Forces. We send them our best wishes and hope they enjoy the experience. We should very much like to hear from them from time to time.

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We were all very pleased to have a visit from an old colleague recently. During a very brief stay in Birmingham to see her friend in Hospital, Miss Stockham took the opportunity to pay a fleeting visit to see her old friends and we enjoyed the opportunity of having a chat with her. We were glad to know how much Miss Stockham and her friend enjoy living at their new home at Norton-Sub-Hamdon, about 6 miles from Yeovil, in Somerset.

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