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THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE
WATERWORKS COMPANY

NEWS REVIEW



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EDITORIAL

It seems impossible to keep to my New Year Resolution to produce the News Review on time! Whenever I resolve to approach Mr. So-and-So for his promised article, I invariably find him with a worried look on his face and with mountains of paper on his desk and I realise I have chosen a most inopportune moment. At the same time the telephone rings and I know I must postpone my reminder - once again. We may be working a five day week but somehow we have to fit in 5½ days' work!

However, I hope to include details of work in hand in the next issue.

With this wretched winter nearly behind us, when we have had fog, snow, frost and consequent burst pipes, winds of hurricane force, and all the chaos of the 5 o'clock traffic conditions, there is every excuse for the fraying of tempers, but with the first shaft of watery sunshine, many happier things enter our thoughts. Holidays - a major item these days when bookings have to be made about 6 months in advance - , the garden catalogues make promising reading, and once more there is a desperate effort to get the spring cleaning done before the warm weather calls us into the garden.

Let us hope for a peaceful and prosperous 1962 - with a wonderful summer.

NORAH DAYES
Editor

Around And About

So This is --- Life!

What a wild and dangerous life we seem to live! For years now we seem to have been indulging in narrow shaves and escapes; for instance, let us take our daily routine.

We have an extra ten minutes after the alarm bell, and then hurriedly fall out of bed. In our haste downstairs we omit to switch on the landing light and successfully fall down the last four stairs to hit the hall carpet with a bump. We dash on our clothes and hurry to remove the kettle from the stove, when a bloodcurdling howl tells us we have trodden on the cat, and as we sprawl forward, narrowly missing being scalded, we add a few new words to our vocabulary.

After pulling the car starter a number of times, we try it with the ignition switched on; the engine then strikes up and as we move out of the garage, one of the doors we had failed to fasten back swings to, and the car neatly removes it from its hinges and dents the bonnet in the process. After getting out on to the road we have to stop and go back indoors for the things we forgot. Resuming our journey we avoid buses, split up cycle parties, dive across pedestrian crossings, remember there are other colours besides green as we nearly crash the traffic lights, and when we finally arrive at business to commence the day, we find the programme we stayed late the previous night to map out has gone for a 'Burton'. The foreman is away with German measles and his deputy cannot take over until he has consulted the shop steward; however, the shop steward is away that day discussing the new ten hour week, and no-coupon tea. There have been power failures during the night and work is behind schedule, so the day gets off to a bright start until mid-morning when the 'phones are out of order.

At the end of the day we join the free-for-all in the homeward rush; arriving home we find the fire out and a charming little note from the wife, urging us to get what we can to eat as she has gone to

a Bingo session at the Lonely Hearts Club.

After all these adventures we look forward to a happy retired life minding our grandchildren or digging the next door neighbour's garden. Finally a spot of fishing and perchance tumble in the river.

T.E.K.

Reflections of a First Aid Student

It was with a certain misgiving that I enrolled in the First Aid Class. On entering the classroom I sniffed deeply to detect any traces of ether and looked earnestly at the floor for bloodstains, before quietly sitting down near the exit. I had hardly settled down when a strange clicking noise filled me with alarm and looking over the top of a door I saw a red light flashing over the word 'Undertaker'; rising hurriedly to leave, a fellow student pulled me down and whispered "It's quite all right, they are calling the 'Caretaker'". Due to shock, my vision was possibly blurred.

The instructor came over to me and after a most friendly chat I realised my worst fears were unfounded. He opened the door of what appeared to be a narrow cupboard standing on its end and introduced us to a lady without clothes or tissue, and then I knew the College had got 'A skeleton in the Cupboard'. Out of a musty box he brought, long bones, short bones, flat bones. I had to resist an inclination to chant "Bones dem bones dem dry bones!"

During the last six weeks I have learned that blue blood is not aristocratic, but good red blood turned refuse collector. Occasionally one has to give ice to suck so I had to persuade my mother to buy a refrigerator. Various parts of my anatomy have come under close scrutiny; all my limbs have been broken and fixed, my breathing has stopped and been restored by my fellow students. I have followed the doctor's lucid reasoning with great interest until I have come to regard death as a welcome diversion from all the dangers the human body is exposed to. I have learned the mysteries of knots and can adapt the triangular bandage for many uses besides the well-known one. Soon with case packed with first aid kit I shall lurk in dark corners waiting for some unlucky individual to crash, so that I can give full play to the knowledge I have gained.

T.E.K.

Office Memo (per the matchbox)

"Please do not invite him to the meeting. He would only monotonize the conversation".

One for the Road

Two men stopped their car outside a village pub and went in for a drink. "Has anyone in the village a black cat with a white ring round its neck" they asked the landlord. "Yes", he said, "there's one in a cottage up the road". "Is it a very large cat?" asked the driver, "No, just a kitten". "Is there a big black dog with a white ring round its neck". "No-one has a dog" replied the landlord. The driver then turned to his companion and said "It was the Vicar we ran over!"

Nicknames! Some are very apt and some rather unkind, but it is interesting to note a few which have persisted in the S.S.W. Company over so many years.

Apart from a few people whose initials form a word - Mr. W.A. Newton was always affectionately called "Wan", a few rather good ones come to my mind.

My favourite is "Plug" - for our old colleague Joan Rawle. Don't get it? Think about it a bit!

We have Mr. Davenport - Squire; Mr. Ron Smith - Slimsy; Mr. T.W. Moore is always "Thos" - but can anyone tell me why Mr. Shelton was always called "Tolly"?

Then we have Mr. Fewtrell - "Joe" since his stay in America many years ago. Mrs. Fenton is "Bubbles"; Mr. R.G. Clarke is, of course, always "Nobby" and I remember a Mr. Frank Atkins was known as "Tommy" naturally, or "Bean".

Mr. F.C. Ward is "Tet" Ward and there are two versions of the reason for this. One is that when a youngster he would put "tetroleum" for "petroleum", and the other that he inserted "Tet" for "Stet".

There may be a "Chippy" at Wood Green Repair Shops and many others. If anyone can think of a few and if possible how they originated, please send details to the Editor - we may recall colleagues we thought we'd forgotten.

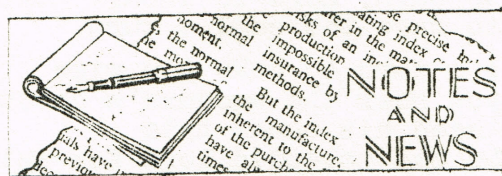
We should like to take the opportunity of thanking one of our Directors, Mr. G. Alan Thompson, for the advice contained in the following verses.

Logs to burn; Logs to burn:
Logs to save the coal a turn.

Here's a word to make you wise
When you hear the woodman's cries;
Never heed his usual tale
That he has splendid logs for sale,
But read these lines and really learn
The proper kind of logs to burn.

Oak logs will warm you well
If they're old and dry;
Larch logs of pine woods smell,
But the sparks will fly.
Beech logs for Christmas time,
Yew logs heat well;
"Scotch" logs it is a crime
For anyone to sell.
Birch logs will burn too fast,
Chestnut scarce at all;
Hawthorn logs are good to last
If cut in the fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax,
You should burn them green.
Elm logs like smouldering flax,
No flame to be seen.
Pear logs and apple logs
They will scent your room;
Cherry logs across the dogs
Smell like flowers in bloom:
But ash logs all smooth and grey,
Burn them green or old;
Buy up all that comes your way
They're worth their weight in gold.



JOYS OF RETIREMENT

Whatever shall I do when I retire! We've heard it many times, but retirement is not the end of everything, merely a re-adjustment of a way of life - a change of routine. Instead of the visit to office or factory one must plan life to fit in with the new circumstances. For myself I resolved not to let time drag but to use it as pleasantly as possible and to that end my wife and I planned to go out whenever possible - and this is how we did it.

First of all we arranged to have an early holiday at Llandudno in Whit Week, and very nice it was too. Lovely sunny weather, long days, the new green on the trees, the flower beds fresh and smiling, and all the noise and activity on the Great Orme where the gulls were nesting. We had several coach rides to places of interest and at the end of the week we were sorry to have to return home.

Our next resolve was to go with the various Choir Outings from the several churches in the Cannock Parish. These took us to Llandudno, New Brighton, Southport and Aberystwyth. The Llandudno Trip was via Bettwys-y-Coed and the agile members went to see the Swallow Falls, which they reported were magnificent as there had been some heavy rain during the night. The trip to New Brighton was very pleasant, in that our Driver avoided all big towns and took us a very unfamiliar route through Shropshire and Cheshire and even Liverpool was almost deserted as we went through. Verdict on New Brighton - Ships in Front - "Chips" behind - and the "Bingo Bird" in full song.

The journey to Southport could almost be described as a "Built Up Area" Tour owing to the number of towns we passed through, the only relief was a good view of ships on the Mersey Canal at Warrington. I always like Southport with that aristocratic highway "Lord Street" resplendent with trees and flower beds, whilst the shops must be a joy to the Ladies, if only window gazing. What a rich town Southport would be if sand were legal tender! And what a splendid effort the local Council have made to use it to good advantage, i.e. the various oases of amusements, pools, gardens and playing fields, not to mention the portion used for aeroplane trips. Here, as at most seaside resorts, one could hear the call of the "Bingo Bird" during the intervals in the 'pop' music from the Fair.

Our final day trip took us to Aberystwyth through what must be one of the prettiest rides in Wales. It was a glorious day, blue sky and sunshine, when one could see and appreciate the beauties of nature, with the various shades of green stretching up the hillsides, the tiny streams tumbling towards the river in the valley, and the sheep on their unending search for pasture amongst the rocks. Turning off the main route, a detour was made and we stopped at Devils Bridge for the "Walking Cases" to see the falls. What I saw from the coach as we waited was evidence of that contemporary of the "Bingo Bird" - "The Litter Lout". What a pity, these untidy habits.

On arrival at Aberystwyth we found little change from when we were last there ten years ago, the only added amenity being a Children's Paddling Pool off the Promenade, but who knows, had we ventured on to the Pier, we should have found our friend the "Bingo Bird". As a final thought - what a pity Southport and Aberystwyth cannot get together on an exchange basis and get some Rock for Southport and some Sand for Aberystwyth!

S.J.Marshall

Mr. Marshall concludes by saying that he is in fairly good health and sends his regards and Best Wishes for the New Year to everyone.
Editor,

We were pleased to hear that Mr. D.B.Anderson is still enjoying life in Cornwall. Teaser - his sailing boat - takes up a lot of his time but judging from the 'before and after' photographs of his garden, plenty of time has been spent there. It is quite obvious that both Mr.& Mrs. Anderson are more than capable of putting in a good hard day's work and they certainly haven't 'vegetated in retirement'.

One of the many photographs I saw showed a very artistic bird bath with flagged paving around which Mr. Anderson had made and I can well imagine the joy this will bring - not only to the birds - as to many of us there is always a great fascination in watching birds and checking up on the various species.

PRESENTATION OF LONG SERVICE AWARDS

September	Mr. R.H.Birch, Main Jointer, Cannock
October	Mr. D.Hill, Water Treatment Attendant, Chilcote.
December	Miss A.L.Oakley, Secretary to the Deputy Engineer, Head Office. Mr. D.P.Hill, Assistant Superintendent, Burton.
January	Mr. A.J.Cooke, Welder, Wood Green

TRENTHAM

Pride of the Potteries, former stately home,
With beautiful grounds wherein one can roam,
Grassy swards where fountains play,
And flower beds their colourful beauty display.
Secluded seats, where to rest and dream,
Artistic bridges that span the stream.
The tranquil lake with its wooden slopes,
Where fishers keep vigil near their bobbing floats.
The motor boat, progressing with staccato note,
Thrilling the trippers, so glad to be afloat,
While the miniature train, at the Lido Station,
Whistles at the swimmers' shouts of elation.

One day in June to this place's approaches,
Came a party of folk in four Midland Red Coaches,
As the people dismounted one fact was quite clear,
That some had not met for many a long year,
Trenchmen, Plumbers, Waste Inspectors,
Stokers, Cleaners, Engine Tenters,
Turncock, Storekeeper, Office Clerk,
And Engineers who supervise the work.
But none are now with ambition fired,
For all from their duties are now retired.
Memories recalled in both time and place,
"Can't remember your name but I do know your face".

Then the highlight I think that all would agree,
We sat down to enjoy an excellent tea.
To 'yours truly' among all the other joys,
A ride upstairs with the "Rickshaw Boys".
Then back to the coaches for an evening run,
Through lovely country still bathed in the sun,
With a pause at a Hostel, and a request to mine host,
To fill up the glasses and this was the toast,
Good Health, Good Fortune, and every Good Cheer,
And if all goes well, see you next year.

S.J.M.

THE MAKING OF A WILL

It may not generally be appreciated that in the event of death where no will has been made, difficulties and delays may be experienced by dependants etc. before the necessary authority to administer the estate can be obtained.

The making of a Will is quite a simple matter and special forms are sold by most stationers for a few pence, the instructions for completion are usually included.

I would urge all members of the Company who have not made a will to do so without delay; it costs little and saves a deal of trouble at a later date. Many members of the Superannuation Fund may not realise that on death their contributions cannot be refunded until such time as Probate or Letters of Administration have been produced to the Secretary of the Fund.

In cases where the terms of the will are likely to be complicated the advice of a Solicitor should be obtained.

THE MAN WHO TURNED WATER INTO PETROL

If only John Andruss could be found and his secret disclosed, every motorist in the world would be overjoyed, for he could make his own petrol!

John Andruss, a native of Portugal, made the startling claim that he had discovered a secret method of making petrol from water. It seemed impossible, but he was able to convince the authorities. He convinced them so thoroughly that the British Cabinet appointed a body of experts to make exhaustive tests of the claim.

Three experts were chosen and all were convinced that John Andruss's claim could only be false. In spite of this he persuaded them that he had indeed discovered a simple method of manufacturing petrol from water.

The report concerning the secret was sent to America and so convinced were the authorities that they placed £250,000 to John Andruss's credit. All were satisfied that Andruss had provided irrefutable proof of his claim. However, it was decided to apply more stringent tests under conditions which made trickery impossible.

In this test a motor-boat had its fuel tank filled with ordinary sea water. The men responsible for this were above suspicion. Then Andruss poured into the tank a cupful of his secret mixture. No-one really expected the boat to move, but, to their astonishment the craft sailed smoothly over the water. The experts were impressed but dazed. Nevertheless, they wanted a final test carried out on land. It was carried out successfully, but Andruss was not there to see his compound vindicated. He had to all intents and purposes vanished into thin air. This was in 1919.

The most intensive search has been made to discover the whereabouts of John Andruss, but no trace of him or his body has ever been found. Yet he had no reason for running away. He was already famous and had a fortune to his credit. Even if he had wished to disappear, he would have found it very hard, for he was very much in the public eye.

The theory is advanced that there were interested persons who wished to destroy him and his secret at the same time. Still, it is hard to believe that no single clue would be left. At any rate, the mystery of what happened to John Andruss remains.

One thing is certain, if Andruss really discovered the secret of turning water into petrol, just imagine its enormous possibilities and boon to motorists all over the world.

STAFF ASSOCIATION EVENTS

SOCIAL EVENTS

Two Rock & Roll Evenings have been held, one on the 13th October and the other on the 10th November 1961. These Evenings were quite successful the previous year but the two organised during the 1961 Winter Season were not so successful, due to lack of numbers. It was decided by the Committee that we should run these two events only and that future Rock & Roll Evenings would be arranged if the attendance showed promise, but unfortunately this was not the case.

A Halloween Fancy Dress Dance was held in the Canteen on Friday, 27th October, when 51 members of the staff were completely unrecognisable, even to their closest friends. It was good to see that everyone present had made the effort to come in fancy dress; their costumes were very original and a great deal of time and trouble must have been taken by the wearers.

Prizes were awarded to the most original costumes, but it was obvious during the parade that the Judges were having difficulty in choosing.

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|-----------|---|---|
| 1st Prize | - | B.Webster and D.Chinn (Bride & Groom)
(The Blushing Bride resplendent with hairy chest!) |
| 2nd Prize | - | Miss P.Jones and Miss M.Wolfe (Pinky & Perky)
(Complete with curly tails. |
| 3rd Prize | - | Mrs. H.Wesson (Turkish Delight) Have you
noticed the rise in sales of this commodity! |

To mention just a few of the many other splendid "get-ups"; The Wild Man from Borneo turned out to be the Hon.Member for Cookley (T.Jowle). The woaded Ancient Briton, carrying cudgel for the use of, with war-paint and fangs, was none other than 'Kim' Bird of the famous laugh. (C.E.D.). Mr. Lamont almost convinced us that the portrait he carried in his guise as Bohemian Artist had been dashed off between sessions of planning the Severn Scheme. The beard he sported on this occasion was much admired, and the Beatnik Model who accompanied him (Mrs.Lamont) completed the picture. Who would have guessed that the fugitive from St. Trinians was Miss D.Lees,(Central File).

This was a very enjoyable evening and it is hoped that should a similar event be planned for the coming year, many more members will attend to join in the fun.

Another very successful Theatre Trip was held on Saturday, 18th November 1961 - this time a coach party went to London (all except Mr. D. O'Sullivan who overslept). Arrangements were made beforehand for all members to visit theatres of their own choice and reservations were made on their behalf by the Entertainments Committee. This trip was most enjoyable and requests have been made for future events of this nature.

The Christmas Dance was held on the 21st December 1961 and, as usual, was well attended by all members. The Committee were very pleased to see that once again the Senior Officers of the Company gave their support to this function.

Music was provided by Allan Ayres and his Band. Mr. L.H. Woodcock again acted as Master of Ceremonies and did a very good job in organising various activities throughout the evening. There were the usual Lucky Spot prizes and a raffle was also held for the Christmas Hamper - this was won by Mrs. Sheila Maddox from Sandfields.

This was again a very enjoyable evening and we hope that we shall continue to have support for this annual function.

Despite very bad weather conditions, the Children's party was held on Saturday, 30th December 1961, and twentyone children turned up for this event. It was a great success and all the children received little presents from Father Christmas (Mr. S. Wimbush). The various games which were organised by Mr. L.H. Woodcock were enjoyed by the children.

Children's energy is boundless and one can well imagine that the members of the Committee and the parents who came along to help were quite exhausted after three hours of entertaining and preparation of tea.

The Retiring Entertainments Committee would like to express their appreciation of the continued support they have received from the members during the past year.

OUR RUBY

Mrs. Ruby Bowser, Senior Typist in the Accountancy Department for 14 years, resigned from the Company's service on the 30th September last, and all who knew her were sorry to see her go.

A number of her friends gathered to witness the presentation of a cheque subscribed by her colleagues in the Staff Association and also to give her their own personal tokens of affection in the form of gifts - both for herself and the expected Baby.

Considering Mrs. Bowser was such an industrious worker, with almost as good a knowledge of accounts as she had of typing, it is remarkable that she managed to maintain such a cheerful disposition at all times.

For a number of years Ruby served on the Staff Association Committee and took a major part in organising the Association's Social Functions. Also for a long time she managed to take over the duties of Head Office Librarian with a certain amount of distinction.

Mrs. Bowser's Son (Robert John) was born on the 29th January last and a recent report indicates that Mother and Son are going along very well.

That Ruby and her family will continue to enjoy good health and good luck is the wish of all her friends here.

On Wednesday, 21st February, we said au revoir to Mrs. June Fenton, when a few of her friends gathered in the Service Department to wish her the best of luck.

In a short and breezy speech Mr. Fewtrell presented June with a gilt clock from her colleagues in the Staff Association and thanked her for the 'almost' ten years' service. He hoped the clock would be a happy reminder of her days in Service Department and said he had no doubt she would occasionally have nostalgic memories of Blue Forms and Connection Slips.

June and her Husband are going into business and we wish them both every good fortune in the future.

Personalia

NEW EMPLOYEES

Miss G. Baxter	Service Department
Mr. J. H. Dixon	Accountancy Department
Miss S. Phillips	Typist, Secretary's Department
Mr. D. M. Coldicott	Electrical Department
Mr. H. W. Foster	Wood Green
Mr. G. W. Thomason	Electrical Department
Mrs. E. M. Jackson	Power Samas Department
Miss B. P. Whitworth	Electrical Department

TRANSFERRED TO STAFF

Mr. A. R. Spink	Wood Green
Mr. C. Guy	Wood Green

RESIGNATIONS

Mrs. M. Bowser	Accountancy Department
Mr. H. J. Irish	Accountancy Department
Mr. A. Mennie	Sandfields Laboratory
Mr. D. V. Sargeant	Wood Green
Mr. M. J. Cartwright	Revenue Department
Mrs. J. Fenton	Service Department

RETIREMENTS

Mr. J. B. Gentle	Engine Tenter, Hinksford Pumping Station, retired 3rd October aged 65 years, after 40 years' service.
Mr. J. Fieldhouse	Clerk, Walsall Depot, Retired 1st February aged 61 years, after 42 years' service.

DEATHS

We regret to record the following deaths -

Mr. H. P. J. Wright	Assistant Superintendent, Tipton, died on the 3rd October aged 63 years. Mr. Wright retired on the 31st July 1960 due to ill health.
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DEATHS (contin)

- Mr. C.E.Boden Formerly Ganger, Walsall Depot, died on the 15th November aged 81 years. Mr. Boden retired in 1945.
- Mr. A.W.Horton Formerly Trenchman, Cannock Depot, died on the 2nd January aged 72 years. Mr. Horton retired in 1958.
- Mr. F.Bridgwood Formerly Engine Tenter, Fradley, died on the 15th October aged 79 years.
- Mr. C.Mayo Formerly Trench Inspector, Walsall Depot, died on the 12th January aged 63 years. Mr. Mayo retired in May 1961, due to ill health.
- Mr. L.Lawrence Deputy Superintendent, Walsall Depot, died on the 14th January, aged 65 years.
- Mr. B.Pedley Yard Superintendent, Walsall Depot, died on the 23rd January, aged 61 years.

MARRIAGE

Congratulations are extended to Mr. & Mrs. T. Woakes (Miss M. Swingler) who were married on the 30th September 1961.

BIRTHS

We offer congratulations to the following proud parents -

- To Mr. & Mrs. K. Pyne, a Daughter, Amanda Bettine, on the 23rd May.
I very much regret this Birth was not reported in the last issue but until Mr. A. Pyne brought it to my notice recently, I was unaware that he had become a proud Grandfather.
- To Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Downing, (Tipton) a Son, Charles, on the 15th December.
- To Mr. & Mrs. H. Hatfield, a Son, John Anthony, on the 16th January.
- To Mr. & Mrs. R. Mountford, a Son, Nicholas, on the 23rd November.
- To Mr. & Mrs. M. Bowser, a Son, Robert John, on the 29th January.
- To Mr. & Mrs. C. Sansom, a Daughter, Nichola Jane, on the 21st February.

Obituary

Mr. L. LAWRENCE

It is with great regret that we record the death of Mr. L. Lawrence, Deputy Superintendent at Walsall. He died at his home on the 14th January 1962 at the age of 65, after being away from work for only a few weeks.

Mr. Lawrence joined the Company in December 1915 as a Waste Inspector - a title which in those days often meant that a man was changing meters, labouring, reading meters, inspecting fittings, office work and other useful jobs not directly concerned with waste detection but greatly enlarging a man's experience. Mr. Lawrence was appointed Chief Waste Inspector at Walsall in March 1935 and he held this position until his promotion to Deputy District Superintendent in May 1941.

He will be well-remembered by the older employees of the Company as the first Secretary of the Benevolent Fund, an office he held from 1926 until 1932. It was work which interested him keenly and he put in a great deal of voluntary time to place the Fund on a sound foundation and to see it develop into a very popular and useful organisation.

He was also one of the original members of the Committee of the Thrift Fund, a position he filled with his usual conscientiousness for a period of 9 years.

Mr. Lawrence was a man of quite exceptional character. His integrity was absolute. He was quite incapable of telling the tiniest or the whitest of white fibs, whatever the circumstances. He was painstaking and efficient in everything he did and he earned the affection and esteem of everyone with whom he worked. He was always willing to pass on the benefit of his wide experience to his younger colleagues and there are many who willingly testify to his wise counsel.

The later years of his life were clouded by the long illness of his wife. For some years before her death she was completely bedridden and Mr. Lawrence alone did all that was necessary for her in the way of nursing and the household chores. Everything in fact, and all without complaint or it affecting his even-tempered and efficient work with the Company. He was never late and never asked for time off. He did it all without question and one can only conclude that he was able to do so because of his devotion and his remarkable strength of character.

Mr. Lawrence was laid to rest by the side of his wife in the churchyard of the Parish Church of Wrockwardine Wood in Shropshire on Friday, 19th January 1962. Six of his old colleagues acted as bearers and various departments of the Company were represented at the funeral service.

MR. B. PEDLEY

It is also with very great regret that we have to report the death of Mr. B. Pedley of Walsall. He died from a serious heart disorder on the 23rd January 1962, soon after admission into Walsall General Hospital. He was 61 years and had been at work to within a few days of his death.

Mr. Pedley joined the Company in 1924 as a Motor-Lorry Driver. He was promoted to Yard Foreman in May 1941 and to Yard Superintendent in July 1948.

Ben (everyone called him by his christian name) was very well-known throughout the Company and had many friends at Head Office, at the Pumping Stations and at the districts surrounding Walsall.

He had a most colourful personality - he was a tremendous and capable worker, impulsive, kindly, a non-smoker since the early thirties and an almost total abstainer all his life.

He took a keen interest in many of the Company's social activities. One recalls the vast amount of work he put into the arrangements for the post-war Sports Days, and his success in the role of auctioneer for the garden produce at the end of the day.

He was for seventeen years a conscientious member of the Thrift Fund's Committee of Management and throughout this time he rarely missed a meeting.

Ben, however, was essentially a man of action and for many years much of his leisure time was taken up with gardening, a pursuit which afforded him great satisfaction. He nonetheless managed to find time for his own property maintenance. Re-wiring an electric-light circuit, papering a room or repairing the drainage system were all the same to him. His versatility was quite exceptional.

He was a member of the Loyal Order of Moose - Walsall Lodge - and had held various important offices, including that of Governor. One invariable duty which he was always asked to perform and which gave him great joy was acting as Father Christmas at the annual Moose Christmas Party.

He leaves a wife and a married son and they have our deepest sympathy.

The funeral service took place at St. Johns Church, Pleck, Walsall, on Monday, 29th January 1962, followed by interment at Ryecroft Cemetery, Walsall. Six old colleagues from Walsall Depot acted as bearers and in addition to the family mourners many friends from the Company and elsewhere were at the Church.

MR. W.G. ARDLEY

Older members of the Staff will have learned with the deepest regret of the death of Mr. W.G. Ardley on the 29th January in his 87th year.

Mr. Ardley will be remembered for his delightful lantern lectures given at Staff Association Social Evenings as far back as 1933. One which particularly comes to mind was of a journey from Siberia to Japan but his most famous was perhaps that of Shrines, Tombs and Temples.

This outstanding lecture, which was unusually well attended, took us to some of the least visited Temples of Egypt and on to the Taj Mahal. Slides were also shown of the Hall of Justice at Old Delhi and the Kubt-Minar or Tower of Victory near Delhi. Other views were of Southern India at Madura; a glance at the glorious natural "Sanctuary" for birds and butterflies, leading on to Rangoon and many other famous sights in India.

Mr. Ardley continued his interest in Staff Association affairs through members of the Staff and we extend sympathy to his Widow.
