

CONTACT



Christmas 1972



**A Christmas
Message
from
The Chairman**



TO ALL MANWEB's employees and their families, I extend my best wishes for Christmas and the New Year. I am sure that you will all join with me in sending the same greeting to retired colleagues, many of whom made their contributions to our industry's progress during the periods of its most rapid expansion.

They can look back with pride on their achievements and the enthusiasm and loyalty which they brought to their task. They have left us with much to be grateful for but, without doubt, their most valuable bequest was the fund of public goodwill which they had so carefully built up over the years.

Goodwill carries with it implied recognition of a job well done. It is a sensitive thing—easily damaged—much less easily repaired. It is the most important single factor governing success or failure in any business. Without the goodwill of the customer the business is bankrupt—in more ways than one.

I believe that the great majority of our customers today would say that we do a good job. Indeed, this was underlined during the miners' strike when our customers appreciated that we had done everything possible to reduce the impact on them. If like our predecessors, we strive to retain their goodwill and do nothing to damage it, then we can all have confidence in our future and in the future of our industry.

Sincere good wishes to you all.

Denis Jones.



THE STAFF MAGAZINE OF THE MERSEYSIDE
AND NORTH WALES ELECTRICITY BOARD

CONTACT

Vol. 24 No. 12

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Greetings from the

Editorial Staff
Keith Baldwin
John F. Perry
Sam Doughty

Practical Goodwill

NO-ONE likes the thought of being involved in an accident, but most of us at some time during the course of our lives make the simple mistake, or are the victims of the piece of sheer bad luck, which lands us flat on our back, waiting for someone else to give the practical help and reassurance which means so much under such conditions.

Given the choice of time and place to have an inevitable accident, most of us would plump for the steps of a well-equipped hospital—with all the staff on duty and all departments at the ready. Lady Luck, however, is seldom so obliging, and is more likely to present us with our problems on some misty mountain top or in some lonely country lane in the small hours of the morning.

Considerations such as these are particularly applicable to the employees of an electricity distribution Board. A fall down the office stairs would bring immediate assistance, and, if necessary, an ambulance on the scene within minutes. A fall from a pole on some remote overhead line could involve a long and painful journey in a jolting Land-Rover—with the difference between life and death resting in the hands of the victim's workmates on the spot.

This number of *Contact* contains reference (page 242-243) to a new First Aid training scheme which, when implemented throughout the electricity supply industry, will result in many thousands of people receiving simple instruction in the essentials of life preservation.

Those responsible for the striking progress made in Clwyd District, in the implementation of this scheme, have good cause for self-congratulation, and no doubt other Districts will quickly follow suit.

“*Goodwill towards men*” runs an important part of the age-old Christmas message. What better way of expressing this sentiment than by making ourselves familiar with the skill which can save the lives of our fellows in an emergency?

duty of the Dogwhipper was to keep out any dogs which may have followed their masters into the Church. They also had the additional responsibility of rousing the sleepy during the sermon.

The Belfry, under the tower, probably belongs to the early fourteenth century. Of the eight bells, two are dated 1945, two, 1815, two 1601 and two 1588. An inscription on one of them reads, "X Fere God—Henri Oldfielde made thys Beyl."

A wonder of Sefton Church—The Church of St. Helen—is the near perfect blending of the old with the new. The work of earlier centuries with that of our present day craftsmen. In the years between 1907 and 1922, some valuable restoration work was carried out and again in 1935 to 1937, more skillful and painstaking work was done on the Church.

There is still much work to be done—and money required to do it—in order to ensure that Sefton Parish Church continues to hold its place among the great ecclesiastical treasures.

Recently, a unanimous decision of the Parochial Church Council to install electric lighting to replace the oil lamps and candles used to illuminate the Church, was met with some slight opposition from the members. The power crisis earlier this year seemed to prove the point of the objectors. However, the Men from MANWEB were called in and work started.

Writing in the Parish Magazine a short time later, the Rector, The Reverend George O. Farran said, "I must pay tremendous tribute to the workmanship of MANWEB: the electric lighting has been installed with very great care and skill. The scheme is well designed and efficiently executed to produce high quality lighting: the wiring is largely concealed in the main body of the Church, and the fittings are unobtrusive."

The Revd. Farran goes on to say that he is convinced that most sceptics about the lighting will be converted by the results and find that the beauty of the Church is enhanced. He also expresses the indebtedness of the Church to those who, over the years, have literally spent hours each week filling and trimming, lighting and putting out the oil lamps.

Now it's just a flick of a switch or two.

We hear that a dedication service may be held on Epiphany—The Festival of Light!

The Installation

Lighting for the main body of the Church—the nave, chancel and side aisles, is comprised of 60 Par.38 floodlamps and eight Par.38 spot-lamps, mounted 23 feet above floor level.

The altar and centre screen are illuminated from both sides with slight emphasis directed from the south side.

In order to produce good colour rendering of the oak roof, De-luxe warm white fluorescent tubes have been fitted on top of the centre screen and these are supplemented by six Par.38 flood-lamps directed upwards.

The switching of the lighting is arranged so that varying effects can be produced.

The installation took seven weeks to complete and the green wiring cable used served to blend with the stonework of the building.

Mr. D. E. Noad (*District Commercial Engineer*), who has been in close touch with the Church authorities over many years in order to persuade them to 'go electric' took an active part in leading the District Energy Sales team in the design and installation work.

Electricians Alan Dixon and Eric Hawarth did an excellent job on the contract.

A Christmas Sonnet from Miss R. V. Mooney (retired) former Head Office typing pool supervisor.

The Feast of The Nativity

No pomp and glory hail Your
Festal Day,
No banners wave, no courtiers
bend the knee;
Crowds do not greet Your little
Majesty,
Symbol of Love, yet cradled in
the hay.
Your retinue—the creatures in
their stall
Of beasts the lowliest (the ox for
toil,
The ass for scorn, of ridicule the
foil)—
Attend Your Birth, the greatest
Birth of all.
Yet wait! The sky so dark, the
night so still
Is suddenly illuminated by a Star!
God greets His Well-beloved
from afar
And guides poor shepherds there,
to do His Will.
Mary and Joseph see, in stable
low,
More glory than the world can
ever know.

Ancient & MODERN

Lighting the darkness

SEFTON Parish Church, situated about seven miles north of Liverpool, is full of interest both to the casual visitor and to the serious student of ecclesiastical architecture or of church carving. There is reason to believe that Sefton or "Sextone" as it was spelt in the Domesday Book, was the religious centre of the district even before the Norman Conquest.

Successive generations have been concerned to ensure the preservation of this lovely old church, not only as a place of worship but also as a place of beauty.

The stones and architecture of the Church tell us the story of the age and growth of the building, which expanded from a Decorated Norman Church, built on the site of the present chancel in c. 1170 into an Early English Church of c. 1320 having the Norman building as its chancel. This church had only one aisle, on the north side. Of this, only the tower and steeple remain, with only a fragment of the aisle remaining.

A square Lady Chapel was added in c. 1340 and this was extended westwards in c. 1415. In c. 1500, all but the tower and steeple and the

north aisle was taken down and a Tudor perpendicular church, with a south aisle was built.

The Sanctuary and the Clergy Vestry east of it were completed in c. 1540. Since then nothing has been added except the Choir Vestry in 1915.

Among the many interesting features of the Church is the original fine oak ceiling which has given the pattern for the restored roofs. The door, with its fleur-de-lys hinges, is also original.

On one of the pew ends are carvings of chained deer and dromedary. The representation of the dromedary is very curious for possibly the artist had never seen such an animal, but used the description of some wandering pilgrim from the East.

There are other wonderful carvings on the rest of the pew ends dating from about 1500, including an ornamental set of letters of the alphabet. All these carvings and those of the magnificent screens—among the finest in Europe—are well worth looking at.

The Dog-whipper

An interesting entry in the parish account reads: "To the Dogwhipper's gallery 1807, 10/-." The



The old way of illuminating Sefton Parish Church. On the left is one of the 15 ancient oil lamps which needed many hours of attention each week, and on the right is one of the three candelabra high above the pews.

The new way of lighting up the beauty of this lovely old church is by electricity — skillfully planned and installed.

This picture taken inside the Church with its new lighting makes a seasonal cover for our magazine.



Intense
attention at
Llandudno
Junction.



A BIG STEP FORWARD IN FIRST-AID TRAINING

MANWEB's Clwyd District is blazing the trail in a nation-wide campaign, within the electricity industry, to teach the life-saving essentials of First Aid to a much bigger proportion of the industry's workers than has ever been achieved before.

The industry has always placed great value on First Aid training, and classes are held regularly in many localities, with the result that qualified First Aiders are available in most places where a fair number of people are gathered together.

The new campaign is designed to carry essential First Aid knowledge to those work-locations where the nearest trained First Aider may be miles away, and to ensure that those employees who work in small groups, often some distance from any form of outside help, are able to help any of their workmates who may be involved in accident or sudden illness.

The new scheme was the brain-child of the North Western District Joint Advisory Council, who put it to the national body, and as a result all Boards were recommended to put into operation a scheme for training First Aid for small working groups.

Nurse Dorothy Davies, from Head Office, began visiting MANWEB Districts to set the scheme in motion, and it was decided that the local classes should consist of instruction from the "official first-aiders" already working in the Districts.

The scheme is designed, not so much to produce fully-qualified first aiders in the accepted sense, but to give the workers sufficient knowledge of the

essentials to enable them to sustain life and minimise damage until qualified help arrives.

Emphasis has been placed on the "three B's"—Breathing, Bleeding, and Bones—in that order—and the main emphasis is placed on resuscitation, the control of severe bleeding, and the immobilisation of suspected fractures.

Treatment of burns and shock is also included in the syllabus.

Clwyd District, who were first off the mark, quickly worked out a programme of training for groups of ten or a dozen workers, under the instruction of trained first-aiders Miss S. Peel and Messrs. W. T. Kirkby, I. Nethercott and P. Horsley.

Classes were arranged at Rhyl, Mold, Ruthin, Llandudno Junction, and the District Office at Rhuddlan, and the programme is already practically completed. The last classes will be held in January, and by that time something like 270 District employees will have received training which, one day, may well be valuable enough to save the life of a friend or workmates.

As part of the programme, during the course of the whole campaign, every MANWEB employee will receive a neat and durable plastic-covered card which sets out simply and clearly instructions about immediate action to be taken to deal with bleeding, burns, damage to bones and joints, and shock, together with simple sketches for the application of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.



"Resusi Andy" — a life-like dummy with inflatable 'lungs' is the first-aid'er's best friend when learning the technique of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Instructor Mr. P. M. Horsley demonstrates how the action of the heart can be re-started with a sharp smack from the heel of the hand under the breast-bone. The advantages of a dummy are obvious —after the first couple of dozen voluteers any human volunteer might start to complain!



***"Tilt the head well back to ensure a clear airway . . . hold the patient's nose with finger and thumb—blow steadily to inflate the lungs . . . deflate them with pressure from your hand."*—Mr. Horsley instructs one of the students at a Llandudno Junction class how to administer the "kiss of life."**



The plastic-covered, pocket-size card which sets out clearly the first essentials in life preservation.



FINANCIAL LOSSES OUR MAIN PROBLEM—

Chairman tells DJAC Conference

CONTINUING financial losses are the most significant problem facing our industry at present, said MANWEB Chairman Mr. Denis Dodds, reporting on behalf of the Board to a delegate conference arranged by the District Joint Advisory Council at the Electricity Council's Research Centre at Capenhurst recently.

Electricity Boards, said the Chairman, are required to balance their books, taking one year with another, and to make a return of 7% on capital invested.

"At present we are not doing anything like that. Either our costs are too high or our prices are too low—you can take your pick!" he added.

Mr. Dodds pointed out that coal costs had risen by 50% in three years, adding £14 million a year to MANWEB's costs.

"We are not, however, rushing downhill to disaster, and we have substantial reserves invested in our assets" he said.

"On the way through, a great deal has been going on in an important and creative way to justify our existence."

Since 1948 there had been tremendous increases in unit and appliance sales, and great improvements in the load factor, and the thermal efficiency of our power stations. MANWEB had just completed the last remnants of an enormous rural electrification programme, and 99.5% of all farms in the area now had mains supply.

Our arrangements to deal with the miners' strike, added Mr. Dodds, had brought MANWEB more letters of praise from people—for cutting them off—than we had received for keeping them on supply over the previous ten years!

Returning to financial matters, the Chairman reminded the delegates that the industry's loss situation had arisen because of steeply rising costs on the one hand, and restriction of our own prices, at the Government's request, on the other.

"The industry has sent the Government a bill for £165 millions to cover the difference," he said.

"This is not a happy situation. It does not create an economically efficient industry, and distorts the use of resources by creating an artificial

demand for an underpriced product. People know a good thing when they see it—the increase of 7.6% in domestic sales last year proves this point. Prices must be put right sooner or later, and it should be sooner rather than later," added Mr. Dodds.

Referring to the decline in industrial sales experienced last year—the first in 20 years—he said that while industry had benefited from the Government's efforts to get the economy moving, and there had been a boom in 'consumer durables,' industry had coped with this demand mainly by using existing spare capacity and by imports.

Investment in industry, so necessary for real expansion, was being held up because investors felt conditions in this country were too unstable, and investment was in danger of going abroad to more stable conditions.

He hoped that we would soon see a resurgence in investment—the only long term answer to the unemployment problem—but warned that this would only come about if there was real improvement in stability in the financial and labour fields.

Other Reports were presented by Mr. E. W. Cannon, Director-General of the CEGB's North Western Region, and by Mr. C. E. Randall, of the Northern Project Group.

In addition to the Reports, the day's business included the division of the delegates into six syndicates, each consisting of 20-odd people, who went their separate ways to study a variety of themes under examination at Capenhurst.

These were "Fault Location in Underground Cables," "Lightning Studies," "Integrated Environmental Design," "The Advanced Battery," "Effluent Treatment" and "Advances in Metal Melting."

Three of these syndicates were chaired by MANWEB people—Messrs. W. G. D. Hood (Engineering, Head Office), R. I. Jowett (D.C.E., Liverpool District), and E. Redman (Commercial, Head Office), and at a later session the syndicate leaders reported back to the main conference.

The delegates were welcomed to Capenhurst by Dr. A. T. Churchman, Director of the Centre.



Conference Photographs



ON TOUR

The Board's touring exhibition, "Electricity and Leisure in the Home," completed its programme for this year on December 9th at Bangor.

Planned and designed by Messrs. Keith Hibbert and Ron Sands of Head Office—publicity arranged by Bert Edwards—the exhibition was very well received in each of our ten Districts, Clwyd having two bites, one at Llandudno and another at Rhyl.

Other venues for the show were at Aberystwyth, Ellesmere Port, Frodsham, Oswestry, Prescot, Sandbach, Wallasey and Walton in Liverpool.

Our "Girl from MANWEB—1972," Miss Carolyn Smith, was unable to attend at all the exhibitions due to illness, so last year's "Girl from MANWEB," Miss Hilary Panting—now Mrs. Smith—returned to the scene for a short time.

Forden R.D.C. officials followed up their visit to the Oswestry exhibition with an order for 24 Electricaire units for their council houses. Many other enquiries were also quickly followed up bringing in still more business.



At FRODSHAM . . . from left to right: Mrs. Hilary Smith, Mr. R. G. Monk (*District Commercial Engineer*), Councillor Mrs. D. M. Smith (*Chairman of Runcorn Rural District Council*), Mr. K. Appleton (*energy sales engineer*) and Councillor J. Sephton.

RHYL . . . from left to right: Mr. B. G. Baxter (*energy sales engineer*), Miss Carolyn Smith, Mrs. Weston wife of Councillor H. A. Weston (*Deputy Chairman of Rhyl Rural District Council*).



PRESCOT . . . Mr. H. Telfer (*Group Manager*), left, thanks Councillor J. R. Lloyd (*Chairman of Prescot Urban District Council*) and Mrs. Lloyd for opening the exhibition.

and OSWESTRY . . . after the official opening, Hilary takes the Mayor of Oswestry, Councillor John Cassin and the Mayoress, Mrs. Cassin round the exhibits.





Recently retired from his position as Chairman of the Merseyside and North Wales Electricity Consultative Council and Member of our Board, Mr. Harry Evans, *left*, is seen here receiving an engraved silver salver from MANWEB Chairman, Mr. Denis Dodds. Mr. Evans was also presented with a copy of the Resolution of the Board's appreciation of his services.

Picture Page



With a gleeful grin, Nurse Dorothy Davies prepares to 'flu jab' Miss Winifred Whyte of Head Office Revenue Section. She doesn't look too worried either!



A bevy of beauties among the Commercial Department secretaries at Head Office on the occasion of Mrs. Brenda Linfields farewell. *From left to right:* Beth Tinsley, Joan Hughes, Brenda and Janice Rawson.

At a recent L.A.C. Meeting in North Mersey District, Mr. H. Telfer (*Group Manager*) presented three craft apprentices with their Indentures on completion of their apprenticeships. Our picture shows, *from left to right:* Messrs. D. E. Noad (*District Commercial Engineer*), Eric Unsworth, Frank Winter, H. Telfer and Frank Holmes.

NEW BOARD MEMBER

The Secretary of State for Trade and Industry has authorised the appointment of Mr. D. Morley-Smith as a part-time member of the Merseyside and North Wales Electricity Board in succession to Major A. S. D. Graesser, who retired recently.

Mr. Morley-Smith is Deputy Chairman and Managing Director of Rubery Owen Distributors Ltd. for North Wales, and Chairman of its six subsidiaries, and a Director of Salopian Kenneth Hudson Limited, all of which form part of the Rubery Owen Group of Companies.

He is also Deputy Chairman of Rogers and Jackson Limited, and three other subsidiaries of the Randalls Group Limited.



Mr. Morley-Smith

He is Vice-Chairman of the C.B.I. Wales Regional Central Council and a representative for Wales on the C.B.I. Central Council. He is also a member of the Wales and Marches Telecommunications Board. He is a Past Chairman of the Wrexham and District Chamber of Trade and Commerce and is

Chairman of the Central Hall and Institute Trust.

Although he was born in the South West of England, Mr. Morley-Smith spent most of his youth, at school and in the early part of his career, at Cambridge.

He moved to Wrexham in 1954, and became Commercial Manager, and six months later Commercial Director, of Rogers and Jackson Ltd.

He is married with two sons, the eldest of whom lives in Spain, whilst the younger, a chartered accountant with two children, also lives and works in the Wrexham area.

Until business prevented him from regular weekly commitments, Mr. Morley-Smith's hobby was music. In fact, in 1937 he had to make the difficult choice of accepting a scholarship to La Scala, Milan, or moving into a business career. He chose the latter, but for ten years after coming to North Wales was conductor of a nationally-known Welsh choir.

Currently his interests outside business are in youth work—he is President of the Gwenaelyn (Wrexham) Youth Council, and finds relaxation in playing (his words)—“a very bad game of golf!”

MR. PARKER RE-APPOINTED

The Secretary of State for Trade and Industry has authorised the re-appointment of Mr. M. M. Parker, MANWEB Secretary, as a Member of the Board.



Mr. Harry Evans, J.P., former chairman of the Merseyside and North Wales Area Electricity Consultative Council, visited Buckingham Palace recently to receive his award of the Order of the British Empire from the Queen. Pictured above, after the ceremony, are Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

Awards Presented

Mr. E. A. Bennion, a foreman fitter (mechanical) at MANWEB's Chester District, is pictured below (right) with Lord Ferrers, Lord in Waiting, at Lancaster House, London.

The occasion was the presentation of the British Empire Medal to Mr. Bennion, who has served the electricity supply industry for 34 years.

Mr. Bennion, who lives at 90 Woodlands Drive, Hoole, Chester, has been a part time member of the Chester Fire Service since he was a boy.



Forthcoming Events

E.E.I.B.A. BALL

at The Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Friday, 23rd March, 1973 Tickets £3.00 each
Tickets from Mr. J. Fisher and Mr. K. Sowden at Head Office

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION PRIZEWINNERS

Very few people go on their summer holidays these days without a camera of some kind. Most people have by now been converted to colour photography—but lack of patience, imagination, or the simple basic skill which is so necessary but so easy to acquire, means that nine out of every ten 'shots' are just a waste of time and money.

True, most of us get a reasonably high percentage of pictures of some kind from our reel of film—but the average box which comes back from the processors contains perhaps one or two pictures which are worth more than a cursory glance. The boxes of slides drop through the letter box . . . we look at them, perhaps once . . . and apart, perhaps, for that odd exceptional (accidental?) shot, only the most insensitive among us would have the nerve to screen them for the benefit of

our friends . . . (after all, inflicting inferior slides on people can be a very good way to lose friends!)

The truth of these arguments was made clear when the entries for the 1972 'Contact' Photographic Competition were projected at Head Office. For some reason—which the judges were unable to understand—the standard of entries was markedly lower than that of previous competitions.

In previous years the judges have had a difficult time selecting winners from a number of really interesting pictures, but this year the story was different. Scores of pretty, but totally uninspiring shots, appeared on the screen. Almost without exception they lacked that essential interest and composition which makes a good shot stand out

(Continued on Page 251)

Colour Transparency Section—1st Prize

"Evening on Derwentwater"

MR. A. L. CORNAM (Liverpool District)





Colour Transparency Section

◁ 3rd Prize

“Europa Bridge”

MISS. H. J. CANNON

Liverpool

(Daughter of retired
member of our staff)

2nd Prize

“October Shades”

MR. N. R. EVANS

(Dee Valley District)



from the ruck . . . a disappointing experience.

After all, we may all love little Willie—but an out of focus shot of an under-exposed little Willie at a range of thirty yards is something that only the most doting mother could wax enthusiastic over.

The months to come will provide a million opportunities for first-class pictures—provided that we make the best use of them. Even an average camera, in skilful and sympathetic hands, is as potent a medium of artistic expression as the painter's canvas and brushes.

There are two simple rules for producing interesting results.

First—master thoroughly the basic relationships between film speed, shutter speeds, lens apertures and lighting.

Second—before squeezing the button—ask yourself: “If my friends screened this picture when I called to visit, would I want to stay for more—or would I think of urgent reasons for an early departure?”



PRIZE IN THE
**Colour Print
Section**

“Mouthwatering”

MR. P. E. MILNE
(Head Office)

PRIZE FOR THE BEST
PICTURE TAKEN ON
THE CANADA TRIP

“Mount Robson”

MISS. L. E. WELLS
(Head Office)



Black & White Section

PORTRAIT—

“Hands Up!”

MR. W. G. D. HOOD (*Head Office*)



Black & White Section

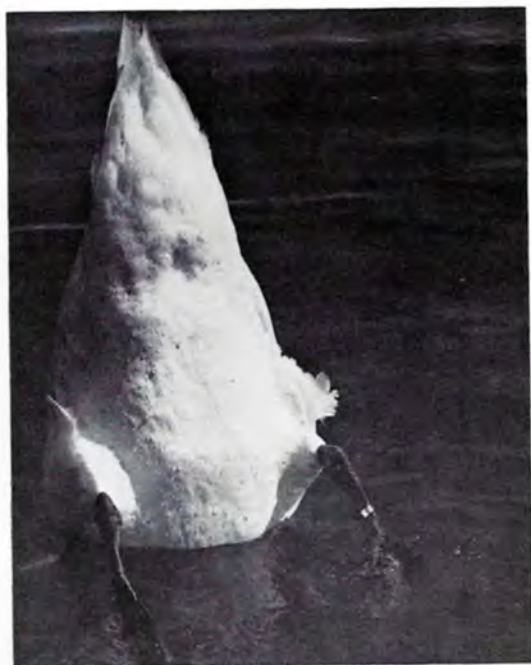
GENERAL—

“Absent Minded”

HUMOUR—

“Swansdown”

*Both pictures submitted by
MR. G. A. S. LEWER
(Head Office)*





AFTER TWENTY YEARS

Mrs. Nancy Skeath, a cleaner at our St. Helens shop for the past 20 years, says her farewells to the staff as she gives a parting handshake to Mr. Bill Royden the shop supervisor. Nancy received a number of gifts in appreciation of her good work and the best wishes of the staff for a happy future.

Stories from St. Helens

THE GO AHEAD COUNCIL

The Mayor of St. Helens, Councillor Allan E. Lycett opens the door of the show house in Exeter Street, with Carolyn ready for the conducted tour.

(St. Helens Newspaper picture)

In St. Helens it has been estimated that there are some 10,000 homes suitable for redevelopment under the Government's Home Improvement Grant Scheme. Of these there are about 3,000 Corporation dwellings. A massive campaign has been launched to inform the people concerned and MANWEB have two all-electric showhouses, at Exeter Street and Recreation Street, fitted out with appliances eligible for grants.



At the all-electric showhouse in Recreation Street, again the Mayor of St. Helens (Councillor Allan E. Lycett) performs the opening ceremony accompanied by the Mayoress. Also in the picture, from left to right after the Mayor, Mr. Ken Appleton (energy sales engineer), Mrs. Hilary Smith (our stand-in "Girl from MANWEB"), Councillor T. Harvey (Chairman of the Housing Committee) and Councillor J. Morris (Deputy Chairman of the Housing Committee).



THE WHITE WHIPPET



A Short Story

by Mr. T. E. MATTHEWS

(3rd Assistant Commercial Supply Engineer)
North Mersey District

THEY'VE pulled down the old Power House at Marsh Lane; razed it to the ground, filled in the basement which housed the turbines. Once upon a time it was the Pride of Bootle and people used to come from miles around to gaze at the place where "our Leckee" was made.

Coal barges came along the canal to feed ever hungry boilers which transformed blank, sooty solid fuel into clean light, clean heat and clean anything else which could be operated by electricity.

Now they've pulled it down. They said it was to provide additional parking space. But that's only a cover story. Quite by accident and a million to one chance, I got to know the real, grim story, and before they clamp an official secrets gag on me I would like to whisper it in your ear. Remember, not a word to a soul. Walls have ears and unlocked doors often reveal what they shouldn't.

It all started about a hundred and fifty years ago. England was then in the throes of canal construction. Hundreds of miles of countryside were criss-crossed by narrow belts of waterways which carried the nation's wealth from point 'A' to point 'B'. Naturally, the country's ports were focal points of many of these canals and Liverpool was no exception, hence the canal which carried the woollen goods of Leeds to the four corners of the earth via the Liverpool to Leeds Canal.

The canal people—the Bargees and their

families, developed into a sect which over the years evolved its own customs, its own way of life, its own philosophy. They became a type of water gipsy. The canals were their whole life. They left their barges to load their cargoes at point 'A' and to unload their cargoes at point 'B'. The remainder of their lives were spent on the canals. Whole families were born, reared and laid to rest on the canals. It is not surprising therefore that in such a narrow sect of people there were some strange characters. Some very strange characters.

Sam Screwball was such a man.

He was known as an eccentric, even among his own people. No-one knew his real name; at an early age his strange behaviour had earned him the nickname "Screwball" and it stuck to him for the remainder of his life. He was popular with the other bargees, both men and women. A striking figure, well over six feet tall and as broad as a barn door, he was generous with his money, especially his ale money. That made him welcome at any tavern frequented by bargees. Many a night he had carried home a drinking pal far gone in drink and earned the delighted gratitude of the man's wife—especially in the early hours of the morning when he slipped away surreptitiously to his own barge. "Yer never miss a slice off a cut loaf" was his gleeful boast, although it must be admitted that he had often been the first to cut that loaf.

Yet Sam was never married. He lived on the barge inherited from his father with no other companion than a dog, or to be more precise, a white bitch. She was what is known among the cap and muffler brigade as a whippet, a smallish greyhound.



Nellie, for that was her name, was a delightful creature, very intelligent, understood every word that Sam said and obeyed his commands instantly. She could, it was rumoured, read Sam's mind, and long before e.s.p. and telepathy became a popular science, she was renowned for the uncanny way she seemed able to read his mind. Indeed, among those of Sam's contemporaries who for one reason or another were not too fond of Sam, the description "white witch" was often whispered when referring to her. But it was whispered in very low voices. People usually crossed themselves fervently when talking thus.

During the long, lonely journeys along the canal she heard all Sam's secrets, his innermost thoughts, his everyday needs; and what's more she understood. She was his confessor, his confidant, his boon companion all rolled into one. Among her many exploits recounted by Sam to his drinking circle, was the one when she had brought the barge safe and sound to Liverpool. Sam had been drinking very heavily at "The Mitre Tavern," the last canal-side hostelry before reaching Liverpool and some twenty odd miles from that place. He was carried back to his barge by a couple of pals and left besotted and snoring his head off. When he woke up the barge was sliding into Stanley Dock. He rose groggily to his feet, staggered on deck and saw the whippet straddling the tow horse's neck, guiding it in safely. "Ah couldna believe me eyes but ah knew Nellie 'ad done it again."

Some eighty miles or so from Liverpool in the County of shire, and lying eight miles due west of the canal, there resided the Earl of Wapshire, known as the "Black Earl." His evil reputation was such that honest men blanched whenever they saw his face. He had been known to hang a peasant for nothing more than what he termed insolence. In other words, the man had had the temerity to look too long and too hard at his repulsive features. "Damn swine had the insolence to look me in the eyes" he said "damn peasants. Should be made to grovel before their

betters. Dirty swine." This was, of course, before the advent of Trade Unionism.

The Earl was a very rich man. Besides the hundreds of acres of rich farmland and thick woodlands he had by trickery, forgery, blackmail, extortion and murder, amassed a fabulous fortune in rare jewels, gold plate and priceless diamonds. He had a stout chest specially made to house his collection which was constantly kept under lock and key and secreted in a massive vault. From time to time when the mood suited him, he would lock himself in the vault and spend hours gloating over his collection. The only other person who knew the exact whereabouts of the treasure was his favourite son Garrick.

Garrick was one of a large brood of some fifteen brothers and sisters, (*begat with the aid of five wives and innumerable concubines*). The Earl, it would seem, lived life to the full. Garrick was the mirror image of his father, but if anything, of a disposition more evil than even his old man.

The Earl, in a rare weak moment, full of wine and maudling sentimentality, had taken Garrick to see his treasures. "When my time ish come, my shon, all thish will be yoursh" he slurred.

Consequent events indicated quite clearly to Garrick that his father had regretted his weak moment. Three times in a week he had narrowly escaped death by crudely faked accidents. The last episode, when his father had narrowly missed his throat with a twelve inch razor sharp dagger—the pretext that he had been trying to kill a large bluebottle on his nose—was the last straw. It was, dammit, mid-January, and bluebottles were as scarce as Nightstorage Radiators—which at the time were non-existent.



The Earl had some three months previously taken his sixth wife, his fifth having died suddenly of the fevers. His previous four wives had also died of the fevers brought about no doubt, with the aid of a few drops of a liquid prepared by the Earl's apothecary, and introduced very craftily into their wine.

Annabella, the sixth wife was the beautiful raven haired daughter of one of the local Squires. She knew full well the occupational hazard of becoming one of the Earl's wives, but was forced into the union by her father, who was heavily in the Earl's debt. Garrick and Annabella had instantly taken to each other. So it was that the

two plotted to escape before it was too late.

For some time since viewing the treasure, Garrick had been formulating a plan of escape. With the aid of a trusted henchman he had contacted Screwball Sam and arranged a rendezvous where he could board the barge and be conveyed to Liverpool. From there he planned to embark to the New World and a new life.



A few nights after the dagger incident he had, with the aid of a few special drops of his own, drugged his father and in the early hours of the morning had absconded with the treasure chest and Annabella. Swift horses conveyed them from the Manor to a point on the canal bank where Sam Screwball was waiting for them. Sam had been very well paid to make as swift a journey as was humanly possible to the port of Liverpool and he rose to the occasion magnificently. In just one day of hard slog (*for the horse*) they arrived to within a few short miles of the port.

This journey must rank in comparison to Dick Turpin's ride to London, and like Turpin's Black Bess, Sam's tow horse was just about on its last legs. It was getting on for two o'clock in the morning when Sam suggested a short rest to let the horse regain some of its strength for the last pull in. Garrick reluctantly agreed. "Pull in by yonder Lane" he said "and we'll have a sup of summat on the bank."

"Readily Sir" said Sam "I'll pull in this side of Marsh Lane, for as such is it known."

While Sam fed and watered the horse, assisted by the ever faithful Nellie, Annabella prepared a frugal snack of bread and cheese, and Garrick poured out three flagons of wine, two of which contained a massive dose of his father's infamous fever tonic. As the clock of the local parish church struck the hour of 2.00 a.m. the three sat down to enjoy their meal. Garrick watched the other two closely as they drank deep of the wine. A few minutes later his sides shook with silent laughter as he watched the last choking gasps of Sam and Annabella. Swiftly he set to on the second phase of his plan. Garrick knew that Sam was well known in the port and that to drive the horse and barge to the dock by himself would arouse instant suspicion and enquiries.

He humped the heavy chest of priceless treasures from the barge on to the bank and after an hour's hard digging had buried both the chest

and the bodies of Sam and Annabella. The next part of the plan was to unhitch the horse and turn it loose on the marshy fields thereabouts. He pulled the barge well away from the spot and let it drift slowly towards Liverpool. He then returned to finish his meal. He would now walk the short journey to Liverpool, hire a horse and cart, return for the chest then embark on the first suitable ship for the Americas.

Whilst all this had been going on, Nellie had kept in the background, her ears flattened, her lips drawn back in a horrible snarl. Several times Garrick had endeavoured to catch her, hiding as best he could the vicious looking dagger which he clutched in his right hand; but she was too quick for his clumsy feints, and finally he sat down to finish the meal. As he tilted his head to gulp the wine she struck.

She flew as quick as an arrow shaft and buried her sharp teeth in his throat. He was taken completely by surprise and ere he could grasp his dagger the teeth had met over the carotid artery. She hung on until his last convulsive movements then watched his life ebbing away with each beat of his heart. Then she buried him by meticulously scratching away at the soil until there was no trace of his body. Then she lifted up her face and howled mournfully at the moon. She was never seen again.



The barge was discovered some half a mile from the dock. The horse was found wandering in the hamlet of Litherland. The Law—such as it was—was called in to investigate, but without the help of Sherlock Holmes, who in those days had not yet been born, declared itself baffled. The local newspaper referred to the whole mystery as "The Mary Celeste of Bootle."

Long after the generation of electricity in Marsh Lane, which in those days was known as direct current, the power station was used by the Board as a workshop and meter inspection department.

As far as I can trace, there were no complaints from the men using this building until Jack the Watchman reported seeing the stray dog.

He was dozing over his paper in the early hours of the morning when he heard a dog howling in the yard. He went out to investigate but could find nothing. The following night at the same time—he noted it was 2.00 a.m.—he heard it once

again, and this time was able to locate the sound as coming from the Power House. He took his torch and ambled across the yard to investigate. With his master key he opened the door and went inside. He swept the beam of his torch across the room and there in the corner saw a white dog. With a muttered curse he swung towards it, but after only a few steps, stopped suddenly. The dog, which had been in the full beam of his torch had completely disappeared.



He felt very cold and a stench of rotting flesh filled his nostrils. His knees began to buckle and the hairs at the nape of his neck stood to attention. With a screech he turned and ran as fast as he could towards the door, slamming it quickly behind him. The next day he asked for his cards.

During the next month the Board hired and lost six watchmen. Each man told the same story.

What's more, the day workers had now begun to complain of the intense cold, which invaded the building at certain times of the day, accompanied by a horrible odour.

Finally, an investigation was ordered. Because of the nauseating smell, it was assumed that this could be caused only by some leakage in the sewerage system. A concrete breaker tore up the floor of the basement where the odour was said

to be strongest. It was also the spot where the white dog had been seen. They dug four feet and found the skeleton. The jawbone was open wide indicating the death scream of a man who had died violently. Twelve inches below this they found two other skeletons and a large wooden chest.

When they finally prised open the lid of the chest they found a fabulous fortune in diamonds, rare jewels and gold plate. They also found a diary inscribed "These are the dark thoughts of the 7th Earl of Wapshire." One of the last entries read as follows:

"When I am no more as a man of this earth I hereby instruct whosoever shall come into possession of this wealth to erect to my memory an edifice which shall be large, stately and magnificent in its creation so that men will know that I, the Earl of Wapshire was a man whose ability to create wealth was above that of all other men in the Kingdom, and I so direct that these treasures shall be used to erect such a monument."

Soon after this they razed the old Power House and it is no more.

From what I have seen, and read, the Board's new Head Office is indeed a building of great magnificence, a marvel of engineering and technical design. How much has it cost? Nobody knows. Where did the money come from? Nobody knows.

There is just one thing I would whisper in your ear. If you work at Head Office and if at any time you espy a white whippet traipsing along the corridors, follow it. You never know where it could lead you. But, of course, no-one works there at 2.00 a.m. in the morning—do they?

TIME AND TIDE

by Joyce Garner

(Revenue Section—Head Office)

Time you thief have stolen a year,
Where has it gone so swift,
It seems only yesterday we stood here,
To exchange our greetings with a gift.

Cold winter snows melted away,
And pretty spring slipped by,
Golden summer then held sway,
Till autumn told the leaves to die.

Now winter comes round once again,
Its icy grip holds fast,
But we shall forget the fog, the rain,
Because it's Christmas-time at last.

So time you thief slow down this minute,
Give us time to stand and stare awhile,
To savour each precious moment in it,
Every happening, each little smile.

Let us fill our homes with friends,
Join in the fun and laughter gay,
So when it's over, the party ends,
We will remember this Christmas Day.

Due to the pressure on space this month, a number of items have been held over until the next issue. Among these are the reports on the Staff Conferences at Head Office, Dee Valley, Gwynedd, Mid-Cheshire, North Mersey and Oswestry.



Mr. G. P. Shipway makes a point with the aid of a slide.



L. to R: Speakers, Messrs. Basten, Morgan, Stewart and Fuller, listen to a question from the floor.

"Grow electric" Symposium at Chester

More than 100 commercial growers attended a symposium organised by Mr. Ron Andrews, MANWEB's agricultural and horticultural adviser, at a Chester hotel recently.

The meeting was staged in conjunction with the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, and was entitled "Meeting the challenge of growing in the '70s."

Chairman of the conference, Mr. B. Walker, a grower from Duncalf Nurseries, Hale, Cheshire, introduced the speakers and invited discussion from the floor at the end of each paper.

First to speak was Dr. Simon Morgan from the Electricity Council's Research Centre at Capenhurst, who outlined current trends in horticultural lighting. Mr. G. P. Shipway followed Dr. Morgan with a paper concerned with the environmental control system in glasshouses. Mr. Shipway is the regional mechanisation advisory officer for the West Midlands Region of the Ministry's Advisory Service.

After a buffet lunch Mr. Ernest Redman, senior assistant engineer (energy sales) at MANWEB Head Office, told delegates of facilities and assistance available from MANWEB to help them "grow electric." Another man from the Ministry, Mr. D. J. Fuller, Director of the Stockbridge House Experimental Station, followed Mr. Redman, and presented a paper entitled "Propagation and growing techniques for glasshouse tomatoes and lettuce."

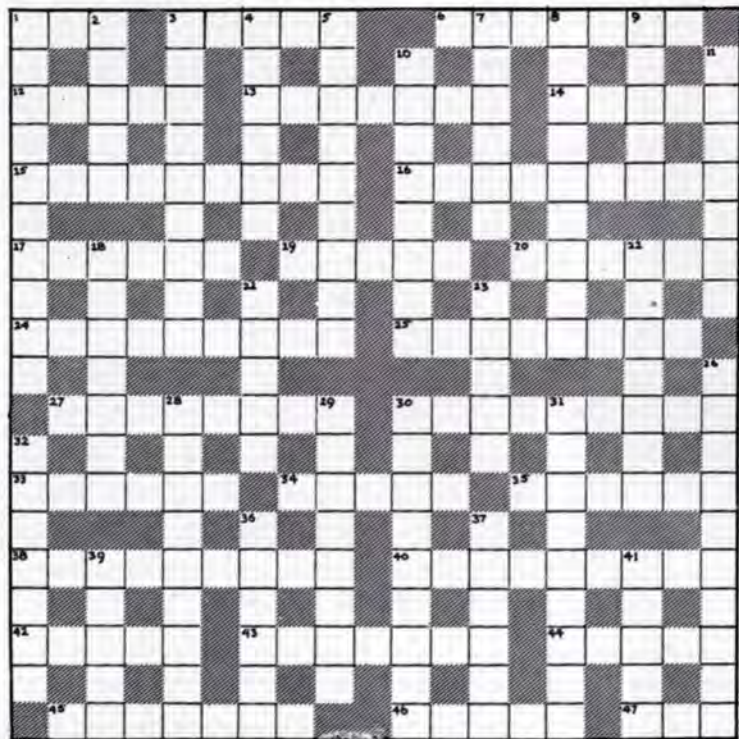
After tea the final speaker of the day, Mr. E. R. Basten, manager of the progressive Sandymere Nurseries at Tarporley, gave the conference a grower's observations. He then raised some tricky questions for each of the speakers to answer, in the open forum, which he introduced.

To compete with continental growers on our entry into the E.E.C., the British horticulturist needs to make use of more sophisticated techniques to improve or even maintain profit levels.

This conference gave growers an opportunity to meet the experts who are carrying out research in horticulture—much of it concerned with applications of electricity in lighting, heating and environment control.

On the left, symposium organiser Mr. R. Andrews with chairman for the day, Mr. B. Walker.





DOUBLE PRIZE CROSSWORD

The popularity of *Contact's* prize crosswords was overwhelmingly demonstrated over the past couple of weeks. We had a very full post-bag of entries for the puzzle in last month's *Contact*, but as this page is being put together before the "draw," we will not be publishing the winners until the January number.

However, to keep all our crossword fans busy over Christmas, we now present you with a double teaser. On the left is a seasonal puzzle by Mr. F. G. Lott, and on the right another of the popular productions by Mr. C. S. Shimmin, of North Mersey District.

TWO PRIZES OF £5 will be awarded in this contest—but to stand a chance YOU MUST GET BOTH PUZZLES ALL-CORRECT!

Closing date for entries will be January 5th, 1973.

- ☆ Only one entry per person.
- ☆ Open to MANWEB employees, pensioners, and their families.
- ☆ Plain paper entries will be accepted.
- ☆ Mark your entry "Crossword," and send it to *The Editor, Contact, MANWEB, Sealand Road, Chester, CH1 4LR.*

The winners will be the first two all-correct entries (both puzzles) to be drawn out of the bag!

★ ★ ★

Across

- 1 In a cab used by the public (3)
- 3 Nothing for nothing at this treat (5)
- 6 It is not intended to conceal one's whereabouts (7)
- 12 and 15 Leaders of the Christmas revels (5,2,7)
- 13 Keats' Grecian urn was its foster-child (7)
- 14 Copy may be lost without it (5)
- 15 see 12
- 16 New scales are out of order for the Christmas page's companion (9)
- 17 and 30 down. Relative when Berowne no more desired a rose than wished for snow in May (L.L.L.) (6,9)
- 19 Round trips to the French city (5) and . . .
- 20 . . . German port (6)
- 24 Restore disorder in a street (9)
- 25 Dingley Dell Christmas party reveller (8)
- 27 and 32 Christmas miser (8,7)
- 30 Little Nell's shop was an old one (9)
- 33 Frequent salutations heard, for example, in 40 (6)
- 34 O come, let us sing a carol! (5)
- 35 A few weeks before Christmas (6)
- 38 Musically opposed to ad lib (9)
- 40 See 33 (6,3)
- 42 Did they keep Sarah dry . . . (5)

- 43 . . . and distracted mothers warm? (7)
- 44 Rough and tumble (5)
- 45 Helped along by a little decorative assistance at Christmas! (7)
- 46 "And hast thou . . . the Jabberwock?" (5) (*Lewis Carroll*)
- 47 Bumble's law (3)

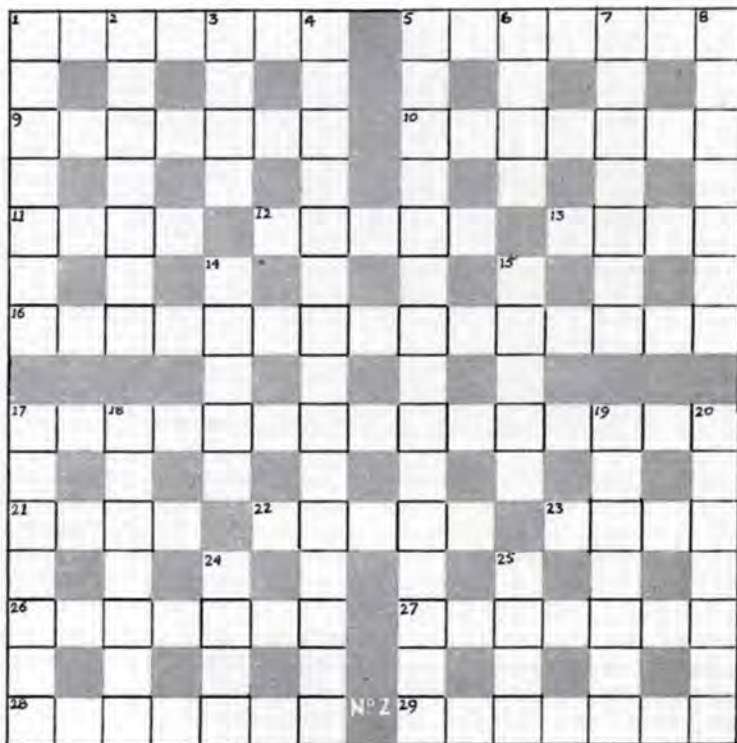
Down

- 1 What's for dinner? (4,2,4)
- 2 Old in Wiltshire (5)
- 3 Kipling imposters (9)
- 4 Of paper or lies? (6)
- 5 Christmas rose (9)
- 7 Dingey? Try changing the colour (6)
- 8 Not a better class district of London (6,3)
- 9 Stop the Rolls in the stable! (5)
- 10 *Galanthus nivalis*: a flower by any other name . . . (8)
- 11 Musical poet's companion, poor fellow (7)
- 18 Find it at the party (7)
- 21 Nice ham a bit off in the factory (7)
- 22 Grown at Henry VIII's old house? (5)
- 23 It has great possibilities (5)
- 26 Where molluscs take their ease? (6,4)
- 28 Classical egotist (9)
- 29 Like Father Christmas's reindeer (3,5)

- 30 See 17
- 31 A very useful kind of banjo'd mod to have around the place (3,3,3)
- 32 See 27
- 36 Darnay's replacement (6)
- 37 Elijah's successor (6)
- 39 Such a deer little creature! (5)
- 41 The kind of wood used in cannibal sacrificer (5)

Clues across

- 1 Berry we smashed up and the landlord got his supplies from it (7)
- 5 One-way tickets, but two people in action (7)
- 9 A Nationalised Industry needs to keep its equipment thus to make a profit and keep the wheels turning (2.5)
- 10 Tin rice for an agitator (7)
- 11 A trip to an ancient city (4)
- 12 Blood sucker in the shelter of a small church (5)
- 13 Nothing turned round a circle and the result could be a roaring success (4)
- 16 What the shopkeeper did when the customer tendered a counterfeit note—stubborn (7.2.6)
- 17 These are essential for the equipment used in 9 across (7.8)
- 21 Article on unknown author (4)
- 22 Went quickly round a point for a rate of motion (5)
- 23 Contrary vermin is top (4)
- 26 Light meals jump where you can have them (3-4)
- 27 Change a mad tan because it won't budge (7)
- 28 Big number enlarger—he imagines things! (7)
- 29 Remove the skin round a garbled expression of joy and you'll see it at the turnstile (3.4)



- 15 Marksmen photographs (5)
- 17 Reverse or mix dates and it will be done to a turn (7)
- 18 Sea toil could become cut-off (7)
- 19 It's disgusting! not in anger (7)
- 20 This aching extremity might be because he was too big for his boots (4.3)
- 24 Kidding antipodean bad actor (4)
- 25 Some under a thousand but quite a lot (4)

Clues Down

- 1 A pound inside a hat—it's a bit fishy! (7)
- 2 An auditory comfort (3-4)
- 3 Even its anagram is Satanic (4)
- 4 Sold 24 hours ago (10.5)
- 5 If you do this during a power cut, you'll be wasting your time (6.2.3.4)
- 6 It's pleasant when my sister's daughter loses direction (4)
- 7 Scottish district (unwilling Scot) (7)
- 8 Unusual good man on a fireplace (7)
- 14 This animal's hearing aid would be useless as a money bag (1.4)

Obituary

Mr. John E. Jones, a 3rd assistant Commercial supply engineer in our Mid-Cheshire District died on 27th November. He was 61 and had been with the Board for the past 24 years.

Well liked and respected by all his colleagues, John was a prominent member of the Mid-Cheshire table tennis team.

A former colleague, Mr. Frederick James Bird died recently aged 68. Until his retirement a few years ago, Fred worked for us at Craven Street, Birkenhead.

He was chairman and captain of the Charing Cross Badminton Club for 25 years and was vice president of the Birkenhead Badminton League. He was also

a former member of the Aeolian Male Voice Choir.

Another former colleague, Mr. Edward Griffiths has died aged 65. Before his retirement twelve months ago, he was employed as a linesman in the Aberystwyth District.

It is with regret that we report the death of Mrs. Frances Grisenthwaite, wife of Mr. Maurice Grisenthwaite, an instructor at our Hoylake Training Centre. She passed away recently after a long illness.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the families and friends of our late colleagues.

Manweb Conference Series

Nearly 100 representatives from a wide cross-section of industry, including car manufacturing, chemicals, and both light and heavy engineering, attended a symposium on induction heating organised by MANWEB at Warrington recently.

The symposium was the second in a series being staged by the Board, and most of the delegates came from firms on Merseyside, with a few from further afield in North Wales.

The main emphasis in the whole series is being laid on the benefits which electricity can bring in terms of increased productivity and cost savings, and subjects which will be dealt with in the future are *Electroplating* (January), *Surface Heating* (February), and the *Pre-*

heating and stress relieving of welded structures (March).

The programme for the recent Induction Heating conference included a welcome by Mr. E. Redman (industrial energy sales engineer) a paper on the applications of induction heating by Messrs. F. Hillier and A. W. H. Webb, of Cheltenham Induction Heating Ltd., a film by courtesy of Wild, Birfield Ltd., and a demonstration of induction heating equipment.

So successful was the occasion that the general discussion had to be curtailed after time had been over-run, and it is hoped that the whole series will provide for a free exchange of information and ideas which will help to reduce costs and improve the productivity.

People Write . . .

To the New Crane Street, Chester, depot, came the following note from a Little Sutton (Wirral) householder:

"At 8.20 p.m. on October 20th our house was in complete darkness. We checked all the fuses. None had gone.

"At 8.30 friends from the North East arrived on holiday . . . to burning candles.

"We got on the phone to your department, and in less than an hour the house was gleaming with light . . . we were all so pleased that we thought a letter of thanks should be sent, for your splendid service . . . our friends have now gone back with this in mind."

When our commercial department colleagues at Head Office opened a letter from a lady at Pont-y-Bodkin (Flints), they thought at first it was a letter of complaint!

"I could hardly believe my eyes as I read and re-read your letter . . ." she wrote.

"When I bought the cooker it was on impulse—I have never owned a new one—and am annoyed with people who think (here our colleagues had to turn over the page!) anything will do, and so I had one mad fling which has brought the thrilling news that I have won a colour TV . . . I would certainly never have had one of these in my lifetime . . . what a Christmas it will be!"

* * *

And to commercial foreman Frank Jones, of Dee Valley, came what must surely be a record for brevity, from a lady living at Cerrig-y-Druuidion:

"Dear Frank Jones.

Thank you!

Yours sincerely . . .

P.S. We are clean and sweet with MANWEB heat!"

Calling Badminton Enthusiasts

Trials will be held during January and February to select a team or teams to represent MANWEB in the Electricity Supply Industry Team Badminton Championships.

Any MANWEB employees (especially ladies!) wishing to take part in these trials should give their names to their "Contact" representative or to one of the following people at Head Office:

Mrs. Joan Hughes,
2W3 (Internal phone 2646)

Mr. Tom Dutton,
5S1 (2142)

Mr. Tony Thackray,
3S1 (2549)

Mr. John Foster,
4W1 (2423)

Study Prize Scheme Awards

Prizes under the scheme have been awarded to the following members of the MANWEB staff, for the year 1970/71:

Senior Award

Mr. Philip Ramsey (student engineer, now 4th assistant engineer, technical).

Junior Awards

Messrs. Colin Blundell, Albert T. Butler, and Peter G. Thomas (student engineers); Frederick Doherty (apprentice electrician, Liverpool) and Miss Jennifer Burns (senior clerical assistant, Accounts, Head Office).



Mr. Edwards, *centre right*, surrounded by his friends, receives their farewell gift from Mr. G. H. Dodd (*District Administrative Officer*).

RETIREMENTS

Mr. P. A. EDWARDS

After 25 years' service with the electricity supply industry, Mr. Percy Arthur Edwards recently retired from his job as meter reader/collector in our South Lancashire District.

He first joined Warrington Corporation Electricity Department as a cable hand and later became a meter reader. Before joining our industry, Arthur worked for Rylands Bros. in Warrington for 23 years.

His MANWEB friends in wishing him a healthy and happy retirement presented him with a radio as a parting gift.

Arthur will now be able to devote more time to his hobbies which include gardening, home decorating and bowling, having already won many trophies at this sport.

Mr. W. O. JONES

A street lighting electrician in our Clwyd District, Mr. W. Owen Jones, retired recently after 45 years' service in the industry, working all of this time in Rhyl.

During the last war, he was a member of the National Fire Service operating in Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester. Later, he joined the Fleet Air Arm and was based in Australia and saw action in the Pacific area.

The Annual General Meeting for the Liverpool Group of retired employees will be held on **Wednesday, 10th January 1973** in the Sports Pavilion at Thingwall Road, Wavertree. *A buffet will be provided. Everyone welcome.*

Mr. Jones, *centre left*, receives a farewell handshake from Mr. L. Price (*installation engineer*).





"The Three Kings"

(Drawing by Mr. S. Jones of our Legacy Depot)